HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XXIX.—No. 1470. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1885. TEN CENTS A COPY. $4.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

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FROM THE MONUMENT.

BY WILL CARLETON.

Look North! A white-clad city fills
This valley to its sloping hills;
Here gleams the modest house of white,
The statesman's longed-for, dizzy height.
Beyond, a pledge of love to one
Who in two lands was Freedom's son—
The holder of an endless debt—
Our nation's brother, Lafayette.
But yon long lines of costly homes
And bristling spires and swelling domes,
And far away the spreading farms
Where thrift displays substantial charms,
And hamlets creeping out of sight,
And cities full of wealth and might,
All own the fatherhood of him
Whose glory Time can never dim.
All who can reckon Freedom's worth
Would write across this whole broad earth,
With pen dipped in the golden sun,
The magic name of Washington!
If we can keep the rules he gave
This land he more than fought to save,
Our future fame will glisten forth
Grand as the winter-lighted North!

Look South!—where, in its coat of gray,
The broad Potomac creeps away,
And seeks the blue of distant skies;
But pauses where the great chief lies
Within his humble, hallowed tomb,
Amid Mount Vernon's deathless bloom.
As glides this stream, great corse, past thee,
First to the bay, and then the sea,
So flowed thy life to rural rest
Ere thou wast Heaven's eternal guest.
O strong, high man! whose patriot heart
Climbed from all common greed apart;

[Continued on page 118.]

SPECIAL NOTICE TO READERS OF HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, and HARPER'S BAZAR may be had for the years 1882, 1883, and 1884. Those wishing to complete their files will please send in their orders promptly. It is MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS' intention in future to keep the back numbers of these periodicals for three years only.

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HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

First in position as well perhaps as in importance among the pictorial attractions of the current number is an exquisite engraving by FRANK FRENCH, *entitled*

"APPLE BLOSSOMS,"

to accompany which MRS. MARGARET E. SANGSTER *has written a poem full of tender feeling.*

Of about equal excellence with this illustration is the full-page engraving from a drawing by MISS ALICE BARBER, *the subject of which is taken from* MRS. LILLIE'S *popular serial, "Rolf House," now running in the paper.* MR. FROST *furnishes a page of sketches made at the Fanciers' Club Show lately held in New York city.*

The short story of the number is appropriate to WASHINGTON'S *Birthday, and is called*

"WHO WAS THE HERO?"

It is illustrated, as also are the third and concluding installment of "Archie's Adventure," and a timely article on "Chinese Gordon," the hero of Khartoom.

"Paddle-Wheels for a Small Boat" is the title of an illustrated article of the practical sort, which is so popular with boys.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1885.

THE PARALYSIS OF CONGRESS.

DURING the present session Congress has thus far done little. There are important questions upon which legislation is necessary, which are familiar, and upon which the country has a right to demand action. But prompt and wise legislation seems to be impracticable. The rules of procedure in the House are apparently designed to obstruct and prevent rather than to facilitate legislation, and if there be any measure which is imperatively necessary, it may be safely assumed that it will not be considered. The reason usually given for the inaction of every session before an inauguration is that the inauguration is at hand. The reason urged at the previous session is that a Presidential election is approaching. This disposes of every two years in four. What is done and what is left undone is determined warily by the consideration of the probable party interest of the majority, so that Congress may be defined as an assembly of politicians trying to secure a party advantage. There is, happily, sometimes a statesman who understands that he who serves his country most serves his party best, and it is to such men only that we owe beneficent legislation. The question of the electoral count is one of those which for every reason ought to be determined. It is not a difficult question, but it is one of vital importance. It involves the peaceful continuity of the government, and the consequences of neglecting it have been made evident by the threatening situation in 1876 and the doubtful week in 1884. Every intelligent citizen knows that every Presidential election is now likely to confront us with the same peril. Nobody knows it better than Representatives in Congress. But although the Senate has unanimously passed a wise and satisfactory measure, which is free from partisan taint of any kind, the House declines to accept it, and does nothing. It is highly improbable that the House will take action upon the subject before the inauguration, because the majority will not be able to find in it any party advantage.

There is the silver coinage question also. It is plain that the consequence of the enormous and useless coinage of silver will be a serious derangement of the currency. This also is known to intelligent men—to none more clearly than to members of Congress. But although there is a prolonged monetary and industrial depression, and the country is steadily drifting upon the silver reef, nothing is done by Congress, and nothing seems likely to be done unless the majority should suddenly think that some party benefit might follow action. There is no doubt that such benefit would follow the repeal of the coinage law, because such relief is unquestionably desired by the most intelligent public opinion. But it might cost the majority the favor of a faction, and action, therefore, is delayed. These are illustrations of measures of general importance upon which legislation is urgently needed, and upon which it is pretty certain that Congress will not act. It is another unfortunate result of a political situation in which parties no longer represent great policies. If the Democratic party were distinctively a revenue reform party, it would endeavor to put its opponents in the wrong by throwing upon them the responsibility of defeating reform. If the Republican party meant seriously to push "the Southern question," it would propose remedial legislation, and hold its opponents responsible for defeating it. But neither party moves, because both are afraid of alienating support. The chief reason for the present drifting, however, is that the election was not determined by party preference, but mainly by personal considerations, and the general desire of reform in administration.

The election of Mr. CLEVELAND was not a vote of confidence in the Democratic party, but of want of confidence in the Republican candidate. It was not a declaration for or against protection or revenue reform, nor in favor of any particular foreign policy. Except for the support of Independent Republicans Mr. CLEVELAND would not have been elected, and except for the defection of a great number of the most ignorant Democrats, his majority would have been very large. He is absolutely unpledged, and he will naturally desire to retain the support of those whose votes more than made good the Democratic defection to Mr. BLAINE, which was mainly composed of the class of Democrats whom Mr. GREELEY was fond of describing. However inactive this House may be, therefore, it is fair to assume that the next House will take a more positive course, and aim at beneficial general legislation while it supports the Executive reform policy. Should such an assumption prove to be incorrect, and the Democratic majority show that it is a mere Bourbon, neither learning nor forgetting, it will discover the truth of the remark of the Young Men's Democratic Club of Brooklyn, in the pamphlet to which we alluded last week: "Our victory will indeed be short-lived if we fancy the mere change in March, 1885, of the men in places of power will seem to the American people a benefaction which should determine their party allegiance for years to come." And again it says that the election of Mr. CLEVELAND "signified above all other things the cause of honest government and of administrative reform." These are remarks worthy of profound attention by the majority of the next House.

THE ENGLISH CHECK IN EGYPT.

THE mystery that envelops the actual number of the Mahdi's forces and the depth and extent of the merely religious feeling in his attitude and movement baffles speculation upon the campaign in Egypt. So far as appears, he has brave men, skillful officers, and effective artillery, and is not a foe to be despised. But the check which he has been able to give to the British arms, and the death of GORDON, who was, perhaps, a charmed or supernatural figure to the Arab imagination, is a blow at the British prestige which must be repaired. The rumors of a general rising of Islam are probably merely romantic. They have been current ever since the campaign in the Soudan began. But whatever may be the zeal or fanaticism of the Mahdi's followers, there seems to have been no uprising of the Mohammedan populations. This is, however, apprehended by some experienced observers, who even hold that the defeat of GORDON threatens the whole British empire in the East.

Such a result, however, is more likely to occur in the discourse of an old Indian military gossip at the club than in fact. If the disasters to the British in the Afghanistan campaign of 1842 did not fatally shake the British prestige, the fall of Khartoom will hardly accomplish it; nor will the African disaster obliterate the remembrance of the suppression of the last Indian rising. In the first moment of amazement and indignation at an unexpected misfortune it is not unnatural to forecast utter destruction, and it is useless to deny or to disguise the serious peril to the British army in Africa that follows the catastrophe at Khartoom, nor should there be any relaxation in the effort to send immediate and ample succor. But there is no reason for apprehending a total fall of England in the East. British ascendency is not of so frail a kind as to be snapped by a single reverse, however great and annoying. The fall of Khartoom is a serious misfortune, but if the army should be put upon its feet again, the bad moral effect of the mishap would be much modified. Now that GORDON is lost, the situation is very much graver. But British energy may be trusted to arouse itself fully, and British prestige doubtless will be restored.

As we suggested last week, the failure of Lord WOLSELEY'S expedition will call English attention to the fact that England is never properly prepared for such enterprises, and enters upon them in the most bungling and ineffective manner. Lord GRANVILLE, the British Foreign Secretary, is reported to have said to the Turkish Minister that the English Government, being constitutional, is under the control of public opinion, which compelled it to send the expedition to the Soudan. But whatever public opinion may constrain the Government to do, the Government must do effectively. Moreover, if it is convinced that the course indicated by public opinion is unwise and injurious, it can take its own course and appeal to the country. He is reported also to have stated that England would evacuate Egypt as soon as practicable. But if the Government had decided to evacuate without entering the Soudan at all, it would have been better than to enter upon the Soudan campaign without the utmost energy and promptitude and preparation. Meanwhile, everything is speculation and hope and stern intention. The civilized world deplores the death of GORDON, and universal sympathy goes with the expedition to relieve the brave men with Lord WOLSELEY.

SECRET DEBATES.

As the Nicaragua treaty, whether desirable or not in itself, involved a departure from the previous policy of the country upon the Isthmus, and as the text of the treaty was published, and the history of Isthmian projects is familiar, the discussion necessarily proceeded publicly in the press at the same time that it proceeded privately in the Senate. Was anything gained under the circumstances by the privacy of the Senate debate? No Senator would wish upon such a subject to pursue a course disapproved by public opinion. But public opinion is largely formed by the press, and it might be modified by debate in the Senate. Mr. EDMUNDS, for instance, is quite as well qualified to discuss a treaty as any writer for the press. Why should not the country have the benefit of his views? And why should not the Senate have the benefit of such answers to his arguments as the press might furnish?

No man in the country would be more unwilling than Mr. EDMUNDS to countenance any breach of the national faith with other nations. Now there seems to be no question that the Nicaragua treaty is inconsistent with the faith of the United States as pledged in the CLAYTON-BULWER treaty. The contention of the friends of the Nicaragua treaty is that the older treaty is void or voidable. But there has been no public withdrawal from it on either side. The continued possession of British Honduras does not make it voidable, because it was expressly stated by Mr. CLAYTON to Sir HENRY BULWER that Central America was not understood to include British Honduras, and Mr. W. R. KING, President of the Senate, stated that it was perfectly understood by the Senate that British Honduras was not included. Mr. EDMUNDS has undoubtedly shown to the Senate when and how the United States were released from the obligations of that treaty, and we can imagine no good reason why the country should not know the facts.

The CLAYTON-BULWER treaty, providing for the protection of an interocean ship-canal, is a joint guarantee against the occupation of the Isthmus by any great power. Is that undesirable? Has the stipulation been injurious to American interests, or is it likely to become so? If we have withdrawn from the treaty, the fact is not known. England denies that she has withdrawn from it or violated it. If our Government holds that she has violated it, and thereby released us, let it state the facts plainly, and so demonstrate to the common tribunal of civilized states that, in making other engagements, we are but disregarding a treaty which is already broken.

THE ALDERMEN AND THE SPOILS.

IF the majority of the Board of Aldermen in New York represents the intelligent opinion of this community, the true way to select employés in the public service is to allow the Aldermen to appoint their henchmen and followers. If, however, intelligent citizens hold that those persons should be selected for the public service who have shown themselves to be best fitted for its duties, they will require some other evidence than the request of the Aldermen. The majority of the board have decided to petition the Legislature to exempt policemen and firemen, and all employés of the city who receive $1200 a year or less, from the operation of the law, and Alderman HALL declared that it was a shame to require a watchman to know how to bound the State of New York, or an inspector of the dump to know the depth of the Mississippi. A fellow-feeling—says the poet. If an Alderman were required to know what the civil service rules really require, he would know something, at least.

If the Legislature is of opinion that the examinations are whimsical and fantastic, and have no relation to the duties required, let it consult Mr. COMSTOCK'S *Manual of the Civil Service*, where it will see exactly what the examinations are. The examination for a night inspector in the Custom-house, for instance, who is a watchman, requires the candidate to copy certain sections of the reform act, to show that he knows the names of the States of the Union, and that he can spell words of three syllables, and that he knows a little of addition, subtraction, and division. He must, also, of course, be of sound physical condition and of good habits. The Aldermen would probably say that a man might make a good watchman who could neither read nor write. That is possible. But the inability to read and write would not prove it, nor would the recommendation and request of an Alderman prove it. Under these

circumstances, when there are twenty candidates for the place of watchman, and the object is, not to provide a soft place for an Alderman's favorite, but to select the man best fitted for the service, the preference will be given by any sensible man to the one who, having all the other qualifications, is also the more intelligent. It is fair to presume that such a man has made more diligent use of the opportunities of education which the State offers in the public schools, and that an industrious and intelligent man, other things being equal, will make a better watchman than a lazy and ignorant man, even if he be an Alderman's heeler. But he is not appointed, however much general intelligence he may show, if he can not prove by actual trial that he has the necessary aptitude for the position.

This is the sensible and fair method of selecting employés. It is the only equal method for everybody. It is not only good for the Alderman's heeler if he is fitter, but for every honest and capable man who does not know an Alderman or any other kind of politician. The law requires that the examination shall be made in a particular way, in order that the Alderman or politician may not be able to bully the appointing officer and compel him to say that he is satisfied with the qualifications of the heeler when he knows nothing about them, and is anxious only to please the Alderman. The public service is not the service of the Alderman or of the appointing officer, but of the people, and the reformed system of appointment is the method by which the people prevent the Aldermen and other professional politicians from usurping the rights of the people.

EDUCATION AND THE PUBLIC WELFARE.

THE question of education in the Southern States will be constantly presented to the country, because it is one of the highest importance, and also because its proper settlement seems beyond the pecuniary ability of many of the States. According to General EATON'S report for 1882-3, the total amount expended for public schools in the Southern States for both white and colored children was $14,820,972. In the schools for which this money was raised and expended there were enrolled 1,944,572 white pupils and 802,982 colored pupils. But the sum raised is wholly inadequate for the current expenses of the schools. The school-houses and their appliances are inadequate. The teachers are ill prepared and insufficiently paid, and the school terms are too short. The proper conduct of the schools without extravagance would require an enormous expenditure, and in many parts of the Southern States, where the population is large and the valuation of property small, a fair provision for the education of the children would require a practical confiscation of the property.

This is an official statement of the situation, and there is no reason to doubt its accuracy. It would seem to be one with which no private agency nor Church organization is capable of dealing. The only power adequate to the emergency is the national government. Yet national interference is open to very grave objection. The only argument for it which can be entertained is that the situation is unprecedented and exceptional, and that an exceptional remedy may be properly applied. The national government has often favored the interests of education in the States by the gift of land, and by grants to colleges of agriculture and mechanics. The general argument which supported such action is very much stronger in the present situation. National aid is invoked as a provision for the national safety, which is directly imperiled by the alarming illiteracy in certain States, and the inability of the States to remedy it.

The scope and tendency of the plea, however, are not to be concealed. If the government may aid education in a State, it may, by the same authority, support it altogether. The answer to this plea is simply that the country must decide whether, having emancipated the slaves, thus casting upon impoverished States a burden of education entirely out of proportion to that of the other States, it will not give them such assistance as may be necessary to overcome the great disproportion, and enable them to reach the average condition of other States. The methods of distributing such aid may not be easy to determine, but that is not a kind of difficulty which should be fatal. The constitutional question may be considered as settled by the action of Congress at various times. The practical question is whether the outlay for such a purpose is justifiable upon public grounds.

CONGRESS DECLARING THE RESULT OF THE ELECTION.

THE peaceful and formal announcement by Congress of the result of the Presidential election was an event scarcely observed in the midst of the exciting foreign news. Yet the day which passed so quietly might very easily have been the beginning of a desperate civil convulsion, had there been plausible reasons for challenging the vote of any State; and this is an event which is always possible when the result of the election is close. But it is a result which apparently does not alarm the country. The happy-go-lucky policy, however, is not always the best.

Mr. EDMUNDS brought the question sharply to the attention of the country by his final remark upon announcing the result of the count: "And the President of the Senate makes this declaration only as a public statement in the presence of the two Houses of Congress of the contents of the papers opened and read on the occasion, and not as possessing any authority in law to declare any legal conclusion whatever." He merely attested a fact. But the Vice-President or the President of the Senate has no authority to decide a contest of certificates—in other words, to elect a President—and Mr. EDMUNDS means not to countenance such a theory. If the country wishes to avoid the most serious trouble upon that point, it will insist that Mr. EDMUNDS's scheme providing for the adjustment of electoral disputes, which has already twice passed the Senate unanimously, shall be adopted.

The perfect tranquillity with which the executive power of this government passes from one party to another, after an unbroken tenure of a quarter of a century, is one of the remarkable political phenomena of the time. The possible changes in the whole civil service have never been so great as at the beginning of the CLEVELAND administration; yet there has not been so little apprehension of a clean sweep since the precedent was established by the Democrats, which has been inexorably followed by Whigs and Republicans. This want of apprehension is largely due to the conviction that Mr. CLEVELAND honestly means what he says. There is, indeed, plenty of incredulity also. There are those who think—or say—that his professions are meaningless, and that every government employé of every kind may prepare to go. But it is well to remember that he was not obliged to make any declaration upon the subject, and the fact that he did so is the best possible guarantee of his sincerity, unless he be the most absurdly insincere of politicians, which has not yet been asserted or imagined.

MR. CONANT.

WE have been hoping every day to hear news of our associate Mr. CONANT, the managing editor of this paper, and the daily journals have published with sympathy and interest everything that could be ascertained of him since his mysterious disappearance. His prolonged absence is an unspeakable sorrow in his home, and it is impossible for his friends and comrades in this office not to expect his return at any moment, with the customary cheerful and kindly greeting, the recognition of an affection and confidence which have never been disturbed.

It is too soon to assume to speak decisively of his disappearance. It is evident that under some bewilderment of mind he wandered for several days about the city and the neighborhood. He was distinctly traced to Coney Island and Gravesend, and even to the train to Brooklyn, but there the clew vanishes. Nothing in his conduct or conversation at the office indicated any kind of mental disturbance, and he was never more pleasantly himself than at the moment of leaving his desk. Since his disappearance, however, little incidents have been recalled, as so often happens in such cases, which might seem now to be suggestive of an abnormal condition, but which, except for his disappearance, would not have been remembered.

We can not abandon the hope of further intelligence, nor believe that we shall see him no more. Speculation is useless. There was nothing in his domestic relations, which were of perfect confidence and tenderness, nor in his connection with this office, which was most agreeable and satisfactory, nor in the blameless conduct of his life, which could explain the mental bewilderment which has befallen him, and under which he has wandered away. We can only watch and wait and hope.

THE IMPORTANCE OF A MACE.

IN a Parliamentary body, and under ordinary circumstances, a member who is declared by the presiding officer to be out of order takes his seat. If he declines to do so, and is directed by the Speaker to be seated, and still resists, the Speaker may order his direction to be enforced by the Sergeant-at-arms.

But as this is an extreme and unusual proceeding, involving a certain misconduct upon the part of the member, the enforcement of the Speaker's direction should be made with the utmost regard for every official form. When, therefore, in the late altercation between Mr. BLACKBURN, who was temporarily in the Speaker's chair, and Mr. WHITE, the Deputy Sergeant-at-arms was ordered to seat Mr. WHITE, and actually laid hands on him, Mr. WHITE was technically justified in disregarding the Sergeant because he did not have his mace. The Sergeant was in fault, because his mace was at hand.

Mr. WHITE, however, knew that it was the Sergeant, and his refusal to obey the summons showed a disposition not to yield. If the Speaker's order was arbitrary and unjust, Mr. WHITE should have appealed to the House. If he did not care to appeal, it would have been wiser to sit down.

MR. CLEVELAND IN NEW YORK.

IN his brief visit to New York Mr. CLEVELAND saw many men and heard many opinions. But he is able to listen and to talk without indicating his conclusions until the time is ripe. The personal impression that he made upon those who had not previously seen him was that of a self-possessed man of strong convictions and ample courage, simple and direct in manner, and singularly free from the affected gravity or equally affected effusiveness of the professional politician.

He is clearly able to keep his own counsel, and he has heard all views upon the general principles by which the cabinet should be formed, and all preferences as to the persons who should compose it. Having heard all, he will decide. As he came to the Executive Chamber at Albany without large experience of such executive duties, and has been one of the most vigilant and efficient and independent Governors of the State, it is not probable that in the White House he will be any man's man, or the agent of "a kitchen cabinet."

Mr. CLEVELAND will probably have a good deal of influence with his administration. Among the distinguished men of his party there are none of more positive character, or clearer comprehension of the political situation, or more unbending resolution, than he. His firmness will be unquestionably severely tested, like that of every President. But his temperament is of the kind that the office of President especially requires, and he knows by experience the value of definite methods in the discharge of executive duty. One thing at least is clear: during his term, if he lives, Mr. CLEVELAND will be President.

PERSONAL.

MR. MURAT HALSTEAD makes an interesting confession in the Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette*. "Take the year 1884," he says, "in which HALSTEAD's poverty has caused his contemporaries a good deal of sorrow, and he has read hundreds of mournful articles about his misfortunes. His dividends and salary out of the *Commercial Gazette* for the year amounted to $45,000 cash—not including some investments in betterments—and out of this he had to pay his own funeral expenses as editor of the New York *Extra*. It is this impoverishment that accounts for his dejection, and public criticism and sympathy should be regulated accordingly."

—Senator GEORGE F. HOAR writes to the Rev. JOSEPH COOK: "I am glad that the topics of Mormonism and the reorganization of the South are to be discussed in your lectures in Boston."

—A beautiful and costly pulpit of marble and burnished brass will be erected in St. Ann's Church, Brooklyn, to the memory of the late Rev. Dr. NOAH HUNT SCHENCK, for many years the rector. Upon it will be engraved the text of Dr. SCHENCK's first sermon in the edifice: "My meat is to do the will of Him who sent me;" also the text of his last sermon: "The poor have the Gospel preached unto them."

—Madame SARA BERNHARDT's creditors got comparatively little from the recent sale of her goods and chattels at auction in Paris, and the French law allows her to retain as much of her salary as an actress as is needed for comfortable living. Her six-hundred-dollar piano fetched one hundred dollars, and her beautiful drawing-room set of furniture of the LOUIS Quatorze period went at the same price.

—Senator BAYARD entertained Miss ELLEN TERRY and a party of ladies in Washington on the 5th of February, after the play. On the same night Congressman DORSHEIMER gave a supper in honor of Mr. IRVING.

—Mr. JOHNSON, of Providence, Rhode Island, having lost his wife, made proposals of marriage to a lady of his acquaintance. Her answer was, "Mr. JOHNSON, my friends think that it is not proper for me to receive your attentions so soon after the death of your wife." To which he replied, "Madam, I have been a constable for more than thirty years, and during that time I have been in constant attendance upon the courts of this State, and I think I ought to know something about law, and I can tell you that when a woman has been dead and buried four months she is just as dead in the eye of the law as if she had been dead a year." This presentation of the case was convincing.

—A man of letters, whose duty is to read many MSS. of new works, declares, as the result of his experience, that copy written by the type-writer is more tiresome to his eyes and his brain than any other copy whatsoever.

—Mrs. MACKAY's daughter EVA is now the Princess COLONNA, wife of Don FERDINAND JULIEN COLONNA, Prince of Galatro. The bride has been living in Paris and other European cities for the last ten years. Her father was a physician in Nevada, who died in straitened circumstances. Her step-father is Mr. JOHN W. MACKAY, the "bonanza king."

—Mrs. YSEULT DUDLEY, who shot O'DONOVAN ROSSA, still persists that she is sane.

—During the recent visit of President-elect CLEVELAND to this city the son of a Wyoming County farmer sent up his card. Being refused permission to see the distinguished host, he explained to the by-standers that his reason for calling was evident from the following dispatch: "New York, February 5, 1885. Mr. EUGENE C. AUSTEN: Come at once to this city, and help form cabinet. GROVER CLEVELAND." He was at once pronounced to be a "crank," and ejected from the hotel. There were other "cranks" also who had come to "help form cabinet."

—An essayist in a leading English magazine describes Lord TENNYSON's *Becket* as worth the writing, because if not the work of a poetic prime, it is the welcome child of a poetic old age encircled by the affection and gratitude of England.

—The London *Spectator*: "There is no reason to think that THOREAU ever felt a joy or sorrow very keenly. It is here that the self-consciousness of the society he lived in told upon him. He was rarely if ever carried out of himself."

—The diary of poor Lieutenant KISLINGBURY contains some bitter strictures upon Lieutenant GREELY, which that officer explains by a reference to his own diary of June 1, 1884, as follows: "In connection with Lieutenant KISLINGBURY it should be said, as a matter of justice to him and me, that during the last six weeks he was at times out of his head, excitable, and could not remember. In consequence, several unpleasant discussions resulted, and at a misstatement which placed me in a false position I, in a moment of anger, called him a liar, but later apologized. What he said was not so, but I think his mind and memory failed him. We were fully reconciled, however, before his death."

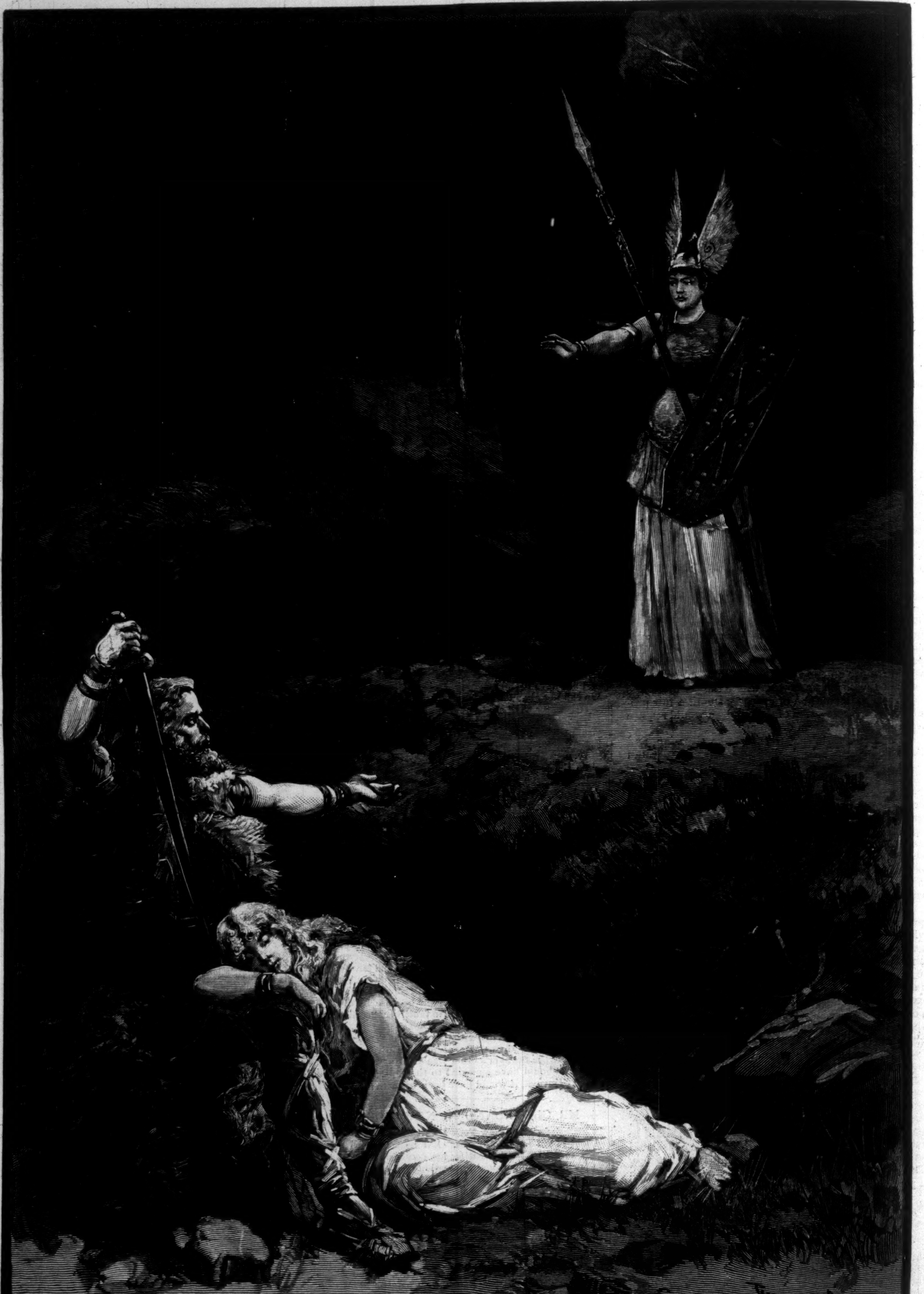
—The Rev. PHILLIPS BROOKS has been lecturing before the students of the General Theological Seminary in this city on "Tolerance," a subject which no other eloquent scholar and divine is better fitted to discuss than he. He reviewed the history and literature of tolerance, and said that six great books of tolerance had been written, namely, MILTON's *Areopagitica*, ROGER WILLIAMS's *Bloody Tenet of Persecution*, JEREMY TAYLOR's *Liberty of Prophesying*, LOCKE's *Letter of Toleration*, LESSING's *Nathan the Wise*, and JOHN STUART MILL's *Liberty*. He defined tolerance as the consent of a man that another should disagree with him in opinion until convinced by the light of reason.

—Arab pilgrims who go to consult the keeper of a shrine in the environs of the city of Kairwan find him prepared to convey their messages to the presiding saint of the shrine by telephone, and to receive the answers in the same simple fashion.

—The resources of good cooking are strikingly exemplified by the lady in Baltimore who makes terrapin stew of chicken so skillfully that a leading *bon-vivant* of that city was deceived thereby.

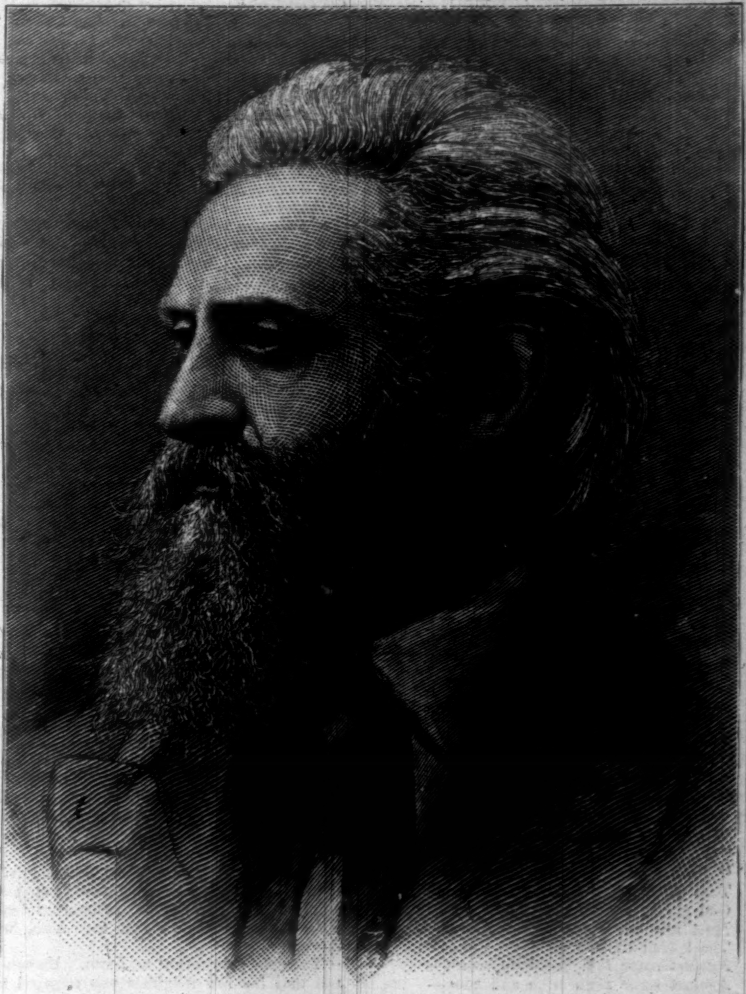
—The Governor of the State was handsomely entertained by the Press Club of this city on the night of the 12th of February, in the company of many other distinguished guests, including the Mayor of New York. All the speeches in reply to toasts were full of compliments to the personal and professional character of newspaper men.

—The Rev. JOHN E. TODD, of New Haven, Connecticut, says that the average college student at the time of graduation can no more write good English than he can read Greek, and knows about as much of the history and institutions of his own country as he does about the Latin authors of the Lower Empire. "Wholly unfitted for real life, as well by his training as his habits, and unable to read any literature with ease and pleasure, he finds that, like a boy with the measles, he has something which nobody else wants, and which is of no use to himself. His best course, if he means to become a man, is to forget as fast as possible the most of what he has learned, and to make up for lost time as best he can."



THE WAGNER MUSIC-DRAMA IN NEW YORK—SCENE FROM "DIE WALKÜRE."—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 119.]

DR. THEODORE S. BELL.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WYBRANT.—[SEE PAGE 119.]



LEOPOLD DAMROSCH.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY FALK.—[SEE "THE WAGNER OPERA," PAGE 119.]

AN ICE-BOUND STEAMER.

WE in New York do not realize much of the perils that come with the ice, although the East River freezes over occasionally, and the Sound boats have to run outside of Long Island, and the people that live in Brooklyn and New Jersey find sometimes difficulty and frequently unpleasant suggestion and excitement in the operation of the small icebergs which swim the harbor numerously, and in their buttings shake up the ferry-boat passengers as fair-sized earthquakes might be expected to do. We present in this number a pictorial illustration of the dangers from ice that beset travel in the regions north of us—between two of the lands that are inhabited by our cousins of the Dominion of Canada.

Prince Edward Island, lying close off the coast of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, is a thriving agricultural area, populated by something like 100,000 people, who need and are accustomed to a measurably regular communication with the rest of the world, notwithstanding that the ice chokes off its steamers for several months in the year. In the season of open water steamers ply three times a week between Charlottetown, on the island, and Pictou and Shediac, on the mainland, and other steamers ply weekly between Charlottetown and Quebec, Halifax, and Boston. But navigation generally closes about the middle or end of December, and remains closed until the end of April or the beginning of May. In the intervening months passengers and mails are conveyed across Northumberland Strait, which separates the island from the mainland, in ice-boats. These run across the very narrowest part of the strait, to wit, that between Cape Traverse, on the island, and Cape Tormentine, in New Brunswick—a distance of nine miles. Short as is the distance, however, the passage is accompanied with great difficulty and danger. Sometimes, as at present, the summer steamer ventures once too often and too late, and is as hopelessly imbedded in the ice until the warm gales of the spring release her as if she were the *Argo* of an exploring party ten degrees farther north.

ICE-BOUND IN NORTHUMBERLAND STRAIT.—DRAWN BY SCHELL AND HOGAN.

FROM THE MONUMENT.

[*Continued from front page.*]

To whom men's selfish ways were small,
As from this tower, serenely tall
(Built that all years thy fame may know),
Men look while creeping there below!
How weak was power to thy clear gaze,
Builder of nations joined in one,
Kindler of splendors still to blaze,
Finder of glories just begun!
Live on, great sleeper! as this stone,
Highest from earth that man has known,
So shall be ranked thy solid worth,
Highest of heroes on the earth!
Happy, secure, and cherished name,
Love is the pillar of thy fame;
Thy praise comes from each patriot's mouth,
Warm as the sunbeams of the South!

Look East! The Nation's castle walls
Spread out in massive beauty now;
Their lofty dome and pictured halls
In homage to this summit bow.
Oh, well that from these palaced lands
The marble spire obeisance win;
But for the one for whom it stands
This chieftain-town had never been!
Yon plot, so full of brain and will,
Had stai'd a bleak and lonely hill!
If at five thousand dizzy feet
This shaft the whirling clouds might meet,
Till we could gaze for miles, might be,
To the uncrowned but royal sea,
'Twere not too much of honor then
To grant our crownless king of men.
You who the Nation's laws indite,
Look to this summit's honest white,
Where, throned on walls that must endure,
Pure fame entreats you to be pure;
Until our glory be increased
Like sunbeams from the dazzling East!

Look West! There lie the hilly fields
Where brothers fought through days of dread,
Where mothers brooded o'er their dead,
Where soil the thrift of carnage yields;
Where cannon roared and bullets sung,
Till every hillock had a tongue.
O Nation being and to be,
That silent blood speaks loud to thee!
God grant, if e'er our guns again
Must tear the quivering flesh of men,
The leaden hail-storm may be pressed
Against some foul invader's breast—
Against some alien tribe and zone—
And not, as then, to kill our own!
May all the fruitful strifes of peace
The thrilling bonds of love increase;
May yonder orb, in his quick change
From mountain range to mountain range,
From valley to rich valley o'er,
From river shore to river shore,
From wave to wave—may yonder sun
One Nation count, and only one;
Until he dips his fiery crest
Into the ocean of the West!

Look up! The phantom clouds of gray—
Grim ghosts of storm—have passed away;
The veiling of the sky is done,
And downward shines the welcome sun.
He kindles grand and peaceful fires
Upon the city's domes and spires;
He sends his strong magnetic glow
Through yonder moving throngs below.
Thou art, O sky, serene and clear,
A symbol of our country here!
What land in all this world of pain,
This earth, where millions toil in vain,
Where famine, pestilence, and strife
Play careless games with human life,
Where Superstition clouds the soul,
And heartless brains sad hearts control—
What country, framed in frost or flowers,
Can see so clear a sky as ours?
Peace throws her mantle, broad and free,
O'er all who peaceable will be;
Plenty her sheltering flag doth wave
O'er those who will but toil and save;
Enlightenment each day shall rise
For all who do not cloud their eyes;
While Liberty from every race
Has made this land a refuge-place.
Let our deep thanks forever fly
Far as the reaches of the sky!

ADRIAN VIDAL.*

By W. E. NORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "MATRIMONY," "MDLLE. DE MERSAC," "THIRLBY HALL," ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.—(*Continued.*)

LADY ST. AUSTELL.

At the other extremity of the table things were more cheerful. Of Lady St. Austell no one had need to be frightened; and although she may have been quite as much bored as her husband, she did not avenge her wrongs, as he usually did, upon the first person who came to hand. Round about her, therefore, there was a brisk cackle of voices and laughter which spread to a certain distance. Clare, sitting about midway between the gayety and the gloom, had for neighbor a young man who informed her that he was staying in the house and hardly knew a soul at the table. He appeared anxious to correct this ignorance—having, perhaps, some difficulty in finding topics likely to interest a country-bred maiden—and she enlightened him as to the names and residences of his fellow-guests, which pretty well exhausted all that there was to be said about them. But when he inquired who the fair-haired man opposite was, she answered, coloring slightly, and not without a certain intonation of pride, "That is Mr. Vidal."

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1463.

"You speak as if he were the show man of the district," remarked her questioner.

"He does not live here," replied Clare. "He is *the* Mr. Vidal, you know." Indeed, she supposed that every person of ordinary education must have heard of this celebrated author.

"Oh yes," said her neighbor, vaguely; "very stupid of me; but somehow that doesn't seem to convey much idea to my mind. Who is The Vidal when he's at home?"

"He is the Mr. Vidal who writes. But perhaps you don't read books," said Clare, with a touch of disdain.

"Well, not very much. I read the papers; and as I am an idle man, that is almost all I can find time for. What is Mr. Vidal's line? Science, history, travels, or poetry? Poetry, I should think, by the look of him."

"He writes novels," answered Clare. "That is, he has written one; but he has been a contributor to the best magazines for some time, I believe."

"Oh, novels? Then I may make acquaintance with his productions some day. I like a good novel—only it must be a good one. Whyte-Melville's, for instance; Whyte-Melville knew what he was writing about. Some of these authors—upon my word, I can't think where they find the cheek to publish their rubbish! Why, only the other day, as I was coming down here, I bought a novel to read in the train, and in the very first chapter I came to something about pheasant-shooting in September. Well; I thought perhaps that was only a slip of the pen. I said to myself, 'Don't let's be too hard on the poor chap,' and I read on. But, if you'll believe me, I hadn't got through a dozen pages before I came to a yachting scene where the hero is represented as beating up a narrow channel against the wind, and singing out to his skipper to jibe! Well, now, you know, I do call that just a little bit too bad. I don't pretend to criticise grammar or style, but it does seem to me that a man ought to have some elementary knowledge of his subjects before he sits down to write a book."

"I don't think Mr. Vidal makes such mistakes," said Clare.

"Doesn't he? You seem to take great interest in him. Well, I dare say he's a clever fellow, and he's good-looking enough, anyhow. I suppose that is why our revered hostess has been making eyes at him ever since we sat down."

The poor man meant no harm. He could not tell that his fair neighbor was engaged to Mr. Vidal, and he was a good deal taken aback when she turned upon him with sudden fierceness, exclaiming: "Making eyes at him; I can't believe that even she would be so—so disgusting as that! If you are a friend of hers, you ought not to say such things about her."

Clare's own eyes were flashing, and her cheeks had become pink. Her interlocutor, who began to have an inkling of the state of affairs, could not help answering, maliciously: "As I am a friend of hers, I know her little ways, and I can assure you that she is a most dangerous person. When she makes eyes at a man it is generally all up with him. But you need not feel alarmed about Mr. Vidal. He doesn't know what an impression he has produced; he hasn't even glanced at her. Perhaps he has found some one more agreeable to look at."

Clare perceived that she had made herself ridiculous, and was proportionately ashamed; but although she immediately changed the subject, she did not succeed in banishing it from her mind. During the rest of the dinner she was preoccupied and uneasy, and afterward, in the drawing-room, when she saw Lady St. Austell bearing down upon Adrian, she felt that painful constriction of the heart which only a swift pang of jealousy can produce.

Out of the four people whom the Irvines' carriage bore away into the night, shortly afterward, one was silent and depressed, one was sleepy, and two were highly elated.

"I have got ten pounds out of him," Mrs. Irvine was saying, triumphantly. "It isn't handsome, considering what his income is; but with his name to head my list, I shall do tolerably well, I hope, and really he was not nearly as uncivil as I expected him to be. Lady St. Austell was most friendly. She said such nice things about you both, and she is coming over to luncheon some day soon. You and she have arranged it all, have you not, Adrian?"

"She told me she was anxious to explore Polruth," answered Vidal. "It seems that she has seen very little of her husband's property in these parts, and she wanted to know whether I would show her all the objects of interest; but I said I thought Clare was more capable of undertaking that task than I."

"If Lady St. Austell discovers any objects of interest in Polruth, it is certain that I shall not be one of them," observed Clare; but Adrian did not notice the dryness of her intonation.

"The chief object of interest to Lady St. Austell, in Polruth or elsewhere, will always be Lady St. Austell," he rejoined, laughing; "but I confess that she is an object of interest to me too. I found her very entertaining, and there is an absence of humbug about her which rises almost to the level of a virtue."

"I have always thought that there was a great deal that was nice in her," said good-natured Mrs. Irvine; "and although she has not been particularly neighborly until now, I shall be very glad if she likes to begin."

But in this expression of kindly feeling Mrs. Irvine was not seconded by her daughter.

CHAPTER XIV.

ANGLING.

If Clare was foolish enough to have been jealous of Lady St. Austell on account of what she considered the flirtation that had taken place between that frivolous lady and Adrian, she was at least not so unjust as to impute any blame to the latter. Following the custom of her sex, she blamed the woman, and felt no anger against her lover for having caused her to pass some unhappy hours. But, indeed, she blamed nobody very long, nor was it possible that she should entertain any serious misgivings as to Adrian's constancy. He, for his part, was far too deeply in love to waste many thoughts upon Lady St. Austell. He made no reference to her on the following day, and before twenty-four hours were over she and her projected visit to Polruth had passed entirely out of his mind.

It so chanced, however, that Lady St. Austell had not forgotten Mr. Vidal. She had taken a fancy to the young author, partly because she had made up her mind beforehand to like him, partly because he was handsome, and partly also because he was neither in love with her nor likely to become so. She had filled her house with a set of people who bored her, and she complained bitterly to Heriot that she didn't know how to get through the day.

"Very seldom before have I felt so dejected," she said. "I have an idea that it might do me some good to drive over to Cardrew, and see your friend Mr. Vidal. You shall come with me and keep the Irvine family engaged in conversation while I take him out for a walk. Would you mind?"

"Not in the least," answered Heriot. "But it seems just possible that Miss Irvine might mind, and I am not sure that Vidal himself would enjoy the walk as much as he ought to do. Hadn't you better wait until he is married? You will find him much more diverting company then."

"But I want to be diverted now," objected Lady St. Austell. "His wedding won't take place before next Wednesday, I presume, and on that day, I am thankful to say, we go to Scotland. If you really think the girl would be so absurd as to dislike my taking her *fiancé* out for a walk, I won't do it; or she can accompany us, if she chooses. My own belief is that they will all be rather annoyed if I don't pay them a visit, because I promised that I would, and you know how huffy people who live in remote places always are when one breaks an engagement."

"I would undertake to make your peace with them," said Heriot, dryly.

"Well, the fact is that I have just sent a note to Mrs. Irvine, asking her if she will have me to luncheon to-morrow. I told her I should bring you with me, so I am afraid we can't get out of it now."

Heriot smiled. He had noticed Clare Irvine's face on the night of the dinner party, and had been sorry for what he had seen there. It was easy enough to forecast the future of such a woman, easy enough to guess what inevitable troubles must be in store for her, and impossible—at least to this old and faithful friend—not to deplore them in advance. But Lady St. Austell was scarcely a person to be dreaded. Vidal was not in her world, and her memory of the absent was not very retentive. Moreover, she was certain to have picked up some unattached admirer before she could meet him again.

It was, therefore, with tolerable equanimity, though without much hope of spending a pleasant day, that Heriot heard on the morrow of the receipt of a favorable reply from Mrs. Irvine, and seated himself beside his hostess in the mail-phaeton which was to convey them to Cardrew. Lady St. Austell, who drove as fast as she talked—which is saying a good deal—accomplished the distance in excellent time, and took the whole burden of the conversation upon herself. When the slate roofs and the pale blue smoke-wreaths of Polruth came in sight, she declared that she already felt better.

"It is the atmosphere of Blaise that weighs me down so," said she. "Everybody is dull there—even you, if you will excuse my saying so. I observe that you are much more cheerful when you are with the Irvines than you are with us. They shall cheer you up this afternoon, and if only Mr. Vidal can manage to do as much for me, I shall be eternally grateful to him."

But perhaps Mr. Vidal was not anxious to possess that claim upon Lady St. Austell's gratitude; for hardly had Mrs. Irvine finished welcoming her guests when she made an announcement regarding him which amused one of them a good deal more than it did the other.

"Two of our party have deserted us," the unsuspecting lady said. "Clare and Adrian—Mr. Vidal, you know. Well, of course that is very natural, and one is glad that they should enjoy themselves together, especially as the boys tease them so whenever they are within reach. To-day they have taken their lunch with them, and I believe they are going to fish the trout stream up from the sea, though whether they will catch anything is another matter. But I dare say they won't mind, and Adrian said he was sure they wouldn't be missed."

Heriot chuckled in his beard; but if he expected Lady St. Austell to exhibit any signs of mortification, he was disappointed. Lady St. Austell had her countenance well under command, and was also a woman of considerable readiness.

"Mr. Vidal is too modest," she answered. "I shall miss them both him and your daughter very much, but I don't mean to go away without seeing them. I have never caught a trout in my life, and I adore new sensations. Mr. Irvine," she added, bringing an engaging smile to bear upon Jack, "will you be good-natured enough to take charge of an ignorant woman this afternoon, and show her how to throw a fly? Then we might all walk up the stream together."

"With the greatest of pleasure, Lady St. Austell," answered Jack; "only you can't throw a fly into that stream, because it is so overgrown. However, if you will condescend to a grub, I'll do my best to show you some sport. It's rather rough walking, though; I don't know whether you mind that."

Lady St. Austell declared, quite truthfully, that she minded nothing that gave her amusement, and added, with a shade less of truth, that she felt sure of having that, since Mr. Irvine had so kindly consented to be troubled with her.

So presently this resolute lady, who was appropriately equipped for fishing in a pair of the thinnest French boots and a charming costume of pale pink cambric, trimmed with yards of lace, was seen tripping across the slopes of the park with her chosen protector by her side, and Heriot, watching them from the window, burst into an abrupt laugh, which he declined to explain when called upon to do so.

In the mean time Adrian and Clare were having a perfectly happy time of it together. They were not catching many fish, it is true; but then, it had not been for the sake of catching fish that they had absented themselves. When Lady St. Austell's note had arrived, Clare had, indeed, exclaimed: "Oh, what a bore! Now we shall not be able to try the trout stream;" but she had been rather surprised by the promptitude with which Vidal had returned: "Why not? It would be a capital excuse for getting out of her way, and we aren't bound to receive your mother's guests." She had not supposed that he would have been anxious to get out of Lady St. Austell's way; but in truth he would, at that time, have been anxious to get out of the way of anybody who had threatened to deprive him for a few hours of the only society for which he cared. So these two went off together in the best of spirits, and starting from the sea, progressed slowly upward, conscientiously fishing every pool, and only allowing themselves a respite of perhaps an hour and a half in which to consume the sandwiches that they had carried out with them.

The stream—which dropped in a succession of tiny cascades and miniature rapids from the heights of Cardrew to the shore—was of tolerably respectable volume when swelled by the winter rains, but after so dry a summer as this had been was reduced to the dimensions of a mere rivulet. To an enthusiastic angler, therefore, it would have seemed to leave much to be desired; but, on the other hand, a pair of lovers might very well be content to clamber up its mossy banks, to rest awhile under the thick shade of the trees which bordered it, or to seat themselves upon one of the overhanging bowlders beneath which the little trout congregated. Adrian and Clare hooked three of these, and threw them back again to grow larger; but as the afternoon went on they got no more bites, and agreed at last that it was absurd to expect any fish to look at a grub in such bright weather.

This point being decided, they felt entitled to take their rods to pieces and enjoy themselves after a less laborious fashion. Sitting under the overarching boughs, through which stray shafts of sunlight flickered, sometimes interchanging remarks which it would be cruel to transfer to the hard black and white of a printed page, and sometimes listening in contented silence to the babble of the brook, and to all those subdued stirrings and rustlings which make the charm of the woods in summer-time, they were wholly oblivious of the existence of Lady St. Austell, who was nevertheless drawing nearer to them every moment, and brushing her way through the undergrowth with a recklessness that might have brought a sardonic smile to the lips of her dress-maker.

Her ladyship very soon had enough of Jack, and paid no heed to his entreaties that she would remain among the higher pools, and spare herself so much needless exertion. "If we go on much further we shall come upon those two idiots," he said, discontentedly, "and then it will be all up with our chance. They are sure to have gone splashing about and scaring the fish, and besides, there's no use in trying places that have been tried all day."

But Lady St. Austell, though good-humored, was inexorable. "'Sometimes the least likeliest places is more likelier than the most likeliest,'" said she, quoting from an old number of *Punch*. "We will go on till we find the two idiots, as you politely call them, and then we can begin to retrace our steps."

And find them she did. She found them, indeed, so suddenly that they started a couple of yards apart with great haste, and looked exceedingly red and foolish. The little lady in the pink dress, who stood smiling down upon them, with her rod in her hand, was not at all put out of countenance.

"See how indiscreet I am!" she cried. "Your brother has been imploring me not to thrust my company upon you; but I delight in doing the things that I ought not to do, and I really think you both deserve some punishment for running away from me after promising to show me all the beauties of Polruth. Mr. Vidal, I am glad to see that you look ashamed of yourself. Never mind. I know you are a privileged person just now. I only wanted to demonstrate to you that you can't escape me by concealing yourself in a thicket, and having done that, I will take myself off."

But of course Lady St. Austell could not be allowed to depart in this way. The delinquents made such apologies as seemed necessary, and one of them was more eager to clear himself of the charge of having run away than perhaps he need have been. It is always disagreeable to be caught with your arm round a lady's waist. However beautiful and refined that lady may happen to be, and however legitimate may be the attitude, there is an apparent vulgarity about it which is both distressing and humiliating. Vidal thought he had better try to efface the recollection of what she had seen from the intruder's mind; and it was with this pardonable object that he set to work to divert Lady St. Austell, and presently offered to show her a spot whence she might drop her line with some prospect of success. It was not at all his intention to walk away with her,

and leave Clare and Jack behind; yet that was the result of his unfortunate proposition, which was at once accepted.

"I told Mrs. Irvine that I was going to catch trout," Lady St. Austell remarked, "and I suppose it is my duty to catch one, if I can. I haven't the most distant idea of how to set about it; but I will try to be a docile pupil."

It took Vidal some five minutes to conduct his pupil to her post and to bait her hook, and during these five minutes the two remaining members of the party thought fit to disappear. When Vidal noticed their absence, he began to wish that he had been a little less precipitate in offering his services; but he could not very well shout after them, and any regrets that may have been visible upon his face were at once banished thence by a remark of his companion's, who had been watching him with much amusement.

"I hope I haven't got you into a scrape," she said. "I really didn't mean to take you away from Miss Irvine. Will she be very angry with you?"

"Of course not," replied Vidal, who did not much like the question. "Why should she be?"

"Oh, there is no reason why she should be, but girls are apt to be exacting. Perhaps you think other people are rather exacting too, without so good an excuse. That is only too true, I am afraid; still, I don't see how I *could* have sat and talked to Mrs. Irvine all the afternoon. Please overlook the offense for this once, and it shall not be repeated."

Vidal said what nobody could have helped saying in answer to such a speech, and said it in all sincerity. For choice he would rather not have been interrupted, but since the interruption had taken place, he did not mind it much. It was a flattering thought that Lady St. Austell should have torn an exquisite gown to shreds for the pleasure of seeing him, and one may find a woman very pleasant company without having the faintest disposition to flirt with her. Nor did she say a word to him that might not have been spoken in the presence of a dozen witnesses. Every now and again she threw him a languishing look, but that was only her way; she would have done the same thing, from mere force of habit, if she had been talking to her own grandfather. And all the time she kept dropping her line into the water with a splash that ought to have been enough to terrify any fish.

It has, however, been observed before now by many a patient angler, as well as by toilers in other fields, that people who know nothing at all of what they are about often meet with a success beyond their deserts, and so it proved in Lady St. Austell's case. All of a sudden some reckless denizen of the pool took it into his head to swallow the bait held out to him, and the consequence was what might have been anticipated.

"Good gracious!" she exclaimed, "I have caught a whale. What *am* I to do?"

The top joint of her rod was something less than a semicircle; the fish had dashed beneath a bowlder, and a catastrophe appeared imminent. "Give him line!—give him line!" shouted Vidal, excitedly; "you've got a big one."

But, alas! she had not got him at all. Disregarding her instructions, she jerked her rod upward, and immediately one-half of her line was entangled in the branches overhead, while the remainder was secured as a permanent possession by the trout.

It is impossible for any one to see a fellow-creature behave in that way without some passing feeling of indignation. "Why didn't you listen to me?" exclaimed Vidal, reproachfully. "Surely you couldn't have thought you were going to land a fish by main force!"

"I thought he was going to pull me into the water," answered Lady St. Austell, who was not at all disconcerted by her failure; "and I didn't wish to be put to such discomfort by a wretched little trout. How absurd it is of people to make fishing-tackle of such flimsy material! With a good stout pole and some strong twine I could have dragged him out easily. I'm sorry about the line. I suppose that poor youth will be very much annoyed, and say it was all my fault, won't he?"

"Oh, that's nothing," answered Vidal; "I can put on another line for you in a minute or two. The sad thing is that you should have let a splendid opportunity slip."

Whatever Lady St. Austell might be, she was certainly not a bore. Vidal was so much tickled by her observations that he did not notice how late it was getting, and it was she who concluded the interview by exclaiming suddenly that she had not a minute to lose.

"I have enjoyed my day very much," she was so kind as to say; "and I am convinced that you and I should become great friends if we saw more of each other. Now mind, you are to be sure to call upon me when we come to London; otherwise I may have forgotten about you by that time. You won't think me rude for saying so, but one meets such a number of people, and I have no memory. So do look me up—you needn't bring your wife the first time, if she chooses to stand upon ceremony—and you will be most welcome."

She repeated this amicable invitation by-and-by in the drawing-room, where Clare was sitting with the rest of the family. "I have been telling Mr. Vidal that I hope to see you both in London next spring; and if you will treat me like an old friend and neighbor, and call upon me without waiting for a formal first visit, I shall think it so kind of you."

"Thank you very much," answered Clare, rather coldly; "but we are not at all likely to be in London next spring."

"Oh yes, you are," returned Lady St. Austell; "you are not at all likely to be anywhere else. You can't live in the country all the year round. Mr. Vidal owes it to his readers to study society, and we owe it to ourselves to make society pleasant for him."

She nodded amiably, and went round the room, making her adieux; she was in too great a hurry to notice Clare's grave face and chilling manner. But after she and Heriot had driven away, somebody else was made unpleasantly aware of Miss Irvine's displeasure.

"Thanks; but I don't think I much care to hear about it," Clare said, when Vidal, in the innocence of his heart, proposed to relate to her all that had passed between him and their departed guest. She was standing just outside one of the open French windows, and she looked away as she spoke.

"She really was great fun," Vidal went on, a little doubtfully, being aware that Clare did not like Lady St. Austell, but suspecting no special reason for such dislike.

"Yes? I believe a good many people think so," remarked Clare, moving away; and there was that in her tone which made it absolutely necessary to follow her and ask whether anything was the matter.

"Nothing whatever," she replied, with her head in the air.

Vidal of course knew what that meant, and it vexed him more than it might have done an older man. That the woman whom you love should resent your disappearing into a wood for the best part of an hour with another woman is neither a very unnatural nor a very offensive thing; but to Vidal it seemed evidence of a distrust so absurd as to be positively alarming. If this was done in the green tree, what would be done in the dry?

"Clare," he said, gravely, after an interval of silence, during which they had been pacing side by side along the gravel-walk, "you surely can't mean to quarrel with me because I was obliged to leave you for that little time."

"You were not obliged; you offered to go," she returned. "But I certainly do not mean to quarrel. Nobody has ever called me quarrelsome."

"You are angry, at any rate; and I must say I think that is rather unjust. I didn't intend to go off with Lady St. Austell; I hadn't the slightest wish to do anything of the sort—quite the contrary. But don't you see that we can't be always together, and that if we are to doubt one another whenever we are apart, there won't be much happiness for either of us?"

Poor Clare hardly knew what answer to make. She felt that, from the common-sense point of view, she was utterly in the wrong; she could not hope to make Vidal understand the danger of which her woman's instinct warned her; and yet she thought he might have been a little less peremptory. "I was not angry with *you*, Adrian," she said at length, quite humbly.

"But, my dearest girl, why should you be angry with anybody? You haven't a high opinion of Lady St. Austell—well, perhaps she doesn't deserve to be highly respected, although, so far as I can see, there is very little harm in her. But in any case you may be sure that when she wishes to indulge in a flirtation, it isn't a person of my humble position in society that she selects. All that she did was to patronize me, and pay me a few compliments about my writing, and ask me to take you to call upon her in London. She meant to be good-natured; indeed, she *was* good-natured. She would be very much astonished if she knew that you and I had nearly fallen out because of her."

Clare bit her lips, and looked down without replying; and presently Vidal resumed, "Added to which, she is a fat old creature, with whom I hope I should never have had the bad taste to flirt under any circumsta ces."

Possibly that assertion may have been more convincing than the most sensible of arguments. Clare stood still, hesitated a moment, and then, suddenly throwing her arms round Adrian's neck, burst into tears. "I am sorry," she sobbed out, with her head on his shoulder. "I ought not to have been so silly. It is my horrid jealous temper—and—and I love you so! I can't help thinking that she does want to flirt with you; but what does it matter? We won't talk about her any more. You will forgive me, won't you, Adrian?"

So this lovers' quarrel ended as all lovers' quarrels ought to end; and if Vidal had been asked the next day whether it had left any disagreeable impression upon his mind, he would have answered, quite conscientiously, that it had not. Nevertheless the conditions under which we work out our lives do not admit of obliterations. Every incident, however trivial, must needs have its consequences; it is easy to forgive, and easy also, in a certain sense, to forget; but perhaps it is hardly possible, with the best will in the world, to forget that one has forgiven.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DR. THEODORE S. BELL.

THE city of Louisville, Kentucky, has lost perhaps its best friend in the death of Dr. THEODORE S. BELL, the scholarly, public-spirited, and skillful physician, who, after fifty years of devotion to its philanthropic and literary interests, ended an honored career, at the age of seventy-seven, on the 28th of December last. In every community there are a few men whose absence would be generally missed; but in few communities would the absence of a single man mean a less vital condition of the forces that conserve the social state—a man, for instance, who in the face of a threatened pestilence can avert a panic by means of his intelligence and resolution, as did Dr. BELL in Louisville a few years ago during the yellow-fever fright, when his daily expositions of the sanitary condition of the city, in the columns of the *Courier-Journal*, produced a feeling of confidence on whose tide business was borne, and thousands of lives were saved. This man felt that he had a commission and a consecration.

The environment out of which grew his wholesome strength is well known to the people of Louisville. Dr. BELL's mother was a beautiful and commanding personality, who taught her son history at night, after he had worked fourteen hours on a tailor's bench, and who caused it to come to pass that chill penury did not repress his better ambitions. The advent of the distinguished preacher ALEXANDER CAMPBELL made a convert and an orator of him. A wife, whose felicitous power and opportunity it was to act in a line with the bent given by his mother, came to him in due time—as such wives sometimes come—by a process of natural selection; and when he began fully to possess himself, the epoch was one in which, to a peculiar degree, the sense of citizenship was stimulated. That Dr. BELL should have received during the late war a musket inscribed with the words, "From A. LINCOLN to Dr. T. S. BELL, for his unswerving loyalty," would seem a natural sequence to any one familiar with the tendency of his intellectual and spiritual development.

In such a citizen the whole country has ownership, and the inspiriting lesson of his life belongs to all who need it in every land; and that the public press can describe such a career, and extend the influence of its example, is a just claim to distinction. Not to Louisville alone is precious the memory of a man who, in an age when the worship of wealth has supplanted that of hereditary rank and even of science, cared little to lay up dollars, but much to build a *prestige* of personal worth, and to master the sources of knowledge that are of healing to the nation. As editor of the Louisville *Medical Journal*, as Professor of Medicine and Hygiene in the University of Louisville, as literary critic of the Louisville *Journal*, as one of the founders of the first public library in that city, the first musical society, the first mechanics' association, the Institute for the Blind, and the Printing-house for the Blind, as beloved physician in hundreds of homes, and as recognized leader in every local enterprise of public pith and moment, Dr. THEODORE S. BELL represented a civic type that vindicates a free republic.

THE WAGNER OPERA.

THE mournful and appallingly sudden death of Dr. DAMROSCH, the well-known musician and choral and orchestral conductor, who had only this season fully attained the height of his ambition by the successful introduction of German opera in New York, and especially by the production for the first time with adequate means of one of RICHARD WAGNER's later heroic works, will lend peculiar interest to the account which we here present of the pictorial side of *Die Walküre*.

It is a "principle of the doctrine" of RICHARD WAGNER's music-dramas that (so far as possible) they are to employ all forms of art, with serious and definite purpose. The orchestral part of them is not less important and leading than the vocal part, upon which, in most of the stock Italian operas, the orchestra is but a menial attendant. Again, the "book" is of almost equal consequence with the musical voice parts, even the elements of the literary form being studied almost as carefully as the pitch and duration of the tones which make the "continuous melody." Moreover, the musical and the literary forms are, so to speak, tied together by use in the music of "leading motives," brief phrases, always pregnant, significant, and striking, each employed to denote with invariable relation some character, action, situation, idea, or passionate impulse, by means of which due attention is either invited or heightened. This device, considered as a distinct principle in art, belongs entirely to WAGNER, though it had been foreshadowed in occasional and undecided use by other writers, and it increases, especially in point of the relative position of poetry and music in his works, what Dr. HUEFFER calls "the strange analogy between WAGNER's *Nibelungen* and the drama of the antique stage." By this means, in a pre-eminent sense, "music and sweet poetry agree."

> "Blest pair of sirens, pledges of heaven's joy,
> Sphere-born harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse."

At this point one is prepared for the teaching by WAGNER in his *Oper und Drama* that in the drama of the future there should be co-operation of all the arts—that is, of painting and architecture as well as of poetry and music—and his remarkable powers were, in fact, freely engaged upon stage scenery and mechanism with a most un-German degree of skill and knowledge and of regard for them. The great productions at Baireuth were studied by him to the last detail of *mise en scène*, and owed him not less for severe and scientific oversight in this regard than for the poetry and music of his invention.

Die Walküre, it may be hardly necessary to say—but it is well to begin at the beginning—is the second in the series of the great tetralogy first produced in its completeness at Baireuth, Bavaria, in 1876. It may be, perhaps, fitter to call it the first of a trilogy, to which the preceding work, *Rheingold*, is but an introduction.

The Walküre, or warrior daughters of the god Wotan, play a comparatively insignificant part in the drama, which takes its name from them, but is chiefly concerned with the loves and fates of Siegmund and Sieglinde, twin son and daughter of Wotan by a mortal woman. The action turns upon the interest in this couple of Brünnhilde, one of the Walküre sisters, and her final sacrifice in their cause of her virgin goddesshood.

Siegmund and Sieglinde, separated in early life, remain unknown to each other until, upon the rising of the curtain in *Die Walküre*, Siegmund, exhausted with fatigue, enters the empty cabin of Hunding, a savage hunter, to whom Sieglinde, unloving, is married, and throws himself upon a couch of skins. The first scene, therefore, of the drama (which has but a single scene for each of the three acts) is this interior of Hunding's dwelling, and considered as a mere picture, without figures or action, it is the most striking of the three. In the midst of the apartment rises a great growing ash-tree, its limbs above partly supporting and partly making the rude roof, and against the middle of it appears dimly the hilt of the magic sword, Nothung, once driven into it by the strength of a mysterious stranger, who left it for a prize to the hero whose might should withdraw it. On the left of the stage burns a fire upon a forge-like hearth, behind which is a rude larder. On the right, entrance to a sleeping-chamber is given by a short flight of steps, in the rear of which, or at the right door in the flat, are voluminous curtains. The walls of the apartment are rudely composed in sylvan manner of wood and coarse hangings. After entrances and exits of Sieglinde and Hunding, and the return of the former to Siegmund, toward whom her compassion has changed to sudden affection, the curtains at the back of the stage on the right are torn down by the wind, and the spring moonlight illumines with soft radiance the scene and occasion of Siegmund's delicious love-song. After this occurs the incident of Siegmund's withdrawing the magic sword, and the act closes with him in possession of it as a preparation for his coming combat with Hunding, who seeks his death in revenge for the slaying by Siegmund of Hunding's relatives.

The curtain rises for the second act upon a wild craggy region; caves in the cliffs are upon the left of the stage; upon the right are high-piled rocks. A steep ascent rises from left to right, at its top a high rock-bridge crosses to the left. Wotan and his daughter, the Walküre Brünnhilde, are disclosed, the latter disappearing after receiving command to protect Siegmund in his coming strife with Hunding. Fricka, wife of Wotan, then arrives, drawn in her car by harnessed rams, and jealous of her spouse's mortal son, successfully urges a reversal of the counsel to Brünnhilde, who upon her re-appearance receives the counter-command to leave Siegmund to his fate. Wotan then sadly departing, Siegmund and Sieglinde enter, worn with flight from Hunding. During the ensuing scene between them Brünnhilde is withdrawn into a rocky recess, from which she at last emerges, armed and leading her war-horse, announcing to Siegmund his determined fate of death, translation to Walhalla, and separation from Sieglinde, to whom she offers protection after his death. It is the moment of Siegmund's response and refusal to part from Sieglinde, when poising the magic sword as if to slay Sieglinde, he exclaims,

> "Two lives
> Laugh for thy love!
> Take them, Nothung,
> Envious steel—
> Take them with one fell stroke!"

which the artist has chosen for the accompanying illustration, and it will be recognized as the moment of supreme dramatic interest in the whole act, and, by those who have seen the drama, as the moment of highest pictorial interest. Few things, indeed, are ever offered to sight upon the stage more striking than this picture of the three figures in their several degrees of contrast, the athletic hero protecting and devoting the clinging form of his companion, and the fateful presence of the mailed war-maiden. The effect of it at least upon Brünnhilde is to induce her to resolve and promise to disobey the command of Wotan, and protect Siegmund. The latter, leaving Sieglinde sleeping, obeys Hunding's call to meet him. Brünnhilde covers Siegmund with her shield, but Sieglinde, awakened by the noise of the combat, and rushing up the steep, sees Wotan in person execute his own will by interposition of his spear, upon which even the magic brand Nothung shivers, and Hunding's sword takes Siegmund's life. Brünnhilde bears away Sieglinde, the mists which have intermittently involved the scenes are withdrawn, and show Hunding striken dead by the contemptuous wave of Wotan's hand.

The third act opens upon sisters of Brünnhilde in armored dress, gathered on jutting cliffs amid a scene of rock confusion, with a background of storm-clouds illumined at intervals by lightning flashes. The sisters shout wild cries to others of their number, who successively arrive from the battle-field bearing their spoil of warriors' bodies. The proper execution of this scene has baffled even WAGNER's inventive powers, assisted by all the trained assistants who devoted themselves so freely to working out his ideas, and after the half-ludicrous attempts heretofore made it is fitter to leave the spectral effects to the imagination, as is done in New York, at least until the stage-machinist's art shall discover some devices more suitable than any which have yet been employed.

Brünnhilde's cry is at last heard, and she appears, supporting and leading Sieglinde, pursued by Wotan, further escape from whom she vainly seeks by aid of her sisters. Sieglinde begs for death, but Brünnhilde reminds her that a life yet more tender than her own is involved in her fate, and directs her flight to a place of security in a forest fastness, whither she flies, carrying with her the shattered fragments of Nothung, to be welded at another day into a sword of victory for the unborn hero Siegfried. Brünnhilde awaits Wotan's wrath and sentence of expulsion from Walhalla and devotion to a mortal lot. With wild cries of grief her sisters disappear. Then ensues the majestic grief of the farewell scene. Brünnhilde desires that the magic sleep to which she is condemned may be so fenced about with terrors that none but a hero shall be able ever to reach and awaken her. Wotan consents. In a passage of transcendent musical beauty he utters his last greeting, withdraws the gift of godhood from his daughter, and kisses her eyelids into slumber. Laying her tenderly upon a mossy mound, he closes the visor of her helmet, covers her with her own shield, and invokes Loge, the god of fire. Immediately jets of flame spring up and surround the maiden; enlarging, they involve the scene in their glare and fume, and in the midst of them Wotan disappears, as the curtain falls for the last time.

JOHN FISKE.—Drawn by Frederic Dielman.—[See Page 122.]

A BELLE ON ROLLERS.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.—[SEE PAGE 122.]

A BELLE ON ROLLERS.

WITH eye that flashes 'twixt silken lashes
  Comes the fair skater in swift career;
Sunshine pursues her, and gayly wooes her,
  As in her beauty she draweth near.

To her feet, rhyming, my heart is chiming;
  Fairer was never, if one so fair;
All breezes kiss her, not one will miss her—
  Not a breeze, not a breeze, anywhere.

My eyes must follow, as like the swallow
  She circleth hither and circleth yon—
So airily hither and airily thither,
  Her feet seem wings that she sails upon.

Let nothing harm her, nothing alarm her,
  Let not the calm of her beauty be stirred;
What you feel show not, heed that she know not,
  Lest she fly far, as flyeth a bird. E. D. B.

JOHN FISKE.

THERE is, perhaps, no living American who has made more important contributions to philosophical and historical discussion, or who better represents the tendencies and spirit of modern science, than John Fiske. We speak especially of his work in the fields of philosophy and history, although he has been an enthusiastic and efficient worker in many fields besides. He is one of the most versatile of our scholars, and seems to be as much at home when writing on the Homeric question, on old Aryan words, or on the new oratorio, as when expounding Spencer's psychology or dealing with the men of the Constitutional Convention. Yet his work in philosophy and history has been his chief work, and is likely to be his chief work in the time to come. Here his interests seem to be equal. The same time brings us one book on *The Destiny of Man* and another on *American Political Ideas*. Both have the same heartiness, the same thoroughness, the same literary charm, and both receive the same welcome.

Although Mr. Fiske is already represented by a very considerable row of books on the library shelves, he is still a very young man, as those of us who are creeping on in the thirties are bound to reckon. He was born in Hartford, in 1842. His young days, however, were chiefly passed in Middletown, Connecticut. His father died when he was only ten years old. His mother was married again, to the late E. W. Stoughton, at one time our minister to Russia, and young Fiske lived with his grandmother's family until he entered Harvard College in 1860. He seems to have been an exceedingly precocious boy. Most astonishing stories are told of his early exploits in Greek and Latin, as well as in the modern languages. He was equally devoted to the sciences, and was an omnivorous reader—had read the whole of Shakespeare before he was eight years old. He entered the Sophomore Class upon coming to Harvard, but even then he had gone, in every part of the curriculum, much farther than was required for the Bachelor's degree. He occupied himself chiefly, during his college days, with history, philosophy, and comparative philology. In 1863 he entered the Harvard Law School, graduating in 1865, and for the space of about six months thereafter maintained a law office in Boston. It is not recorded that he was burdened with briefs, and he appears to have made up his mind speedily that he was not born to be a lawyer. The office was closed, and Fiske entered upon the independent literary life in which he has been so successful, and accomplished so much for American scholarship and thought. He has on several occasions given lectures and special instruction at Harvard, and for several years he was assistant librarian in the university library, but he has held no other official positions. He has visited Europe several times, once remaining a full year, and at other times giving courses of lectures before the Royal Institution at London and the Philosophical Institution at Edinburgh. Few American scholars have been more warmly received in England than Mr. Fiske, and none has a larger circle of friends among English scientific men. But he is a good home-keeper, and is usually to be found in his pleasant house at Cambridge with his wife and the six children to whom his little book on *The Destiny of Man* is dedicated. His well-filled library is one of the most beautiful of rooms; and it may be interesting to many to know that it was this library which inspired Mr. Cranch's beautiful lines, "In a Library":

"In my friend's library I sit alone,
  Hemmed in by books. The dead and living there
  Shrined in a thousand volumes rich and rare
Tower in long rows, with names to me unknown.
A dim half-curtained light o'er all is thrown.
  A shadowed Dante looks with stony stare
  Out from his dusky niche. The very air
Seems hushed before some intellectual throne.
What ranks of grand philosophers, what choice
And gay romancers, what historians sage,
What wits, what poets, on those crowded shelves!
All dumb forever, till the mind gives voice
To each dead letter of each senseless page,
And adds a soul they own not of themselves.

"A miracle—that man should learn to fill
  These little vessels with his boundless soul;
  Should through these arbitrary signs control
The world, and scatter broadcast at his will
His unseen thoughts, in endless transcript still
  Fast multiplied o'er lands from pole to pole
  By magic art; and, as the ages roll,
Still fresh as streamlets from Parnassian hill.
Yet, in these alcoves tranced, the lords of thought
Stand bound as by enchantment; signs or words
Have none, to break the silence. None but they
Their mute proud lips unlock who here have brought
The key. Them as their masters they obey:
For them they talk and sing, like uncaged birds."

Mr. Fiske's longest absences from this beautiful and busy library are those occasioned by his lecture trips. For many years he has made very constant use of the platform as one means of bringing his thought before the public; and, especially with his increasing devotion to historical subjects, he has become one of the most popular, as he is certainly one of the most charming and impressive, lecturers in the country. His courses of lectures in Boston, during the last two seasons, on the American Revolution and the subsequent period, have been listened to by audiences which, at high noon on successive Saturdays, have quite filled the old South Meeting-house, and the singular interest which his lectures have awakened in Boston has attended him elsewhere. There are few more cheering signs of the redemption of the American platform from the low state into which it has fallen since the days when Emerson and Parker and Whipple brought their best gifts there than this success of Mr. Fiske.

Mr. Fiske's *Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy*, the work which first made him well known to the general world of thought, and which still remains his most important work, was published in 1874. His interesting little volume of essays on *Myths and Myth-Makers* had appeared, however, two years before this; and he had been a pretty constant contributor to the reviews, the magazines, and the newspapers for ten years. His first important article was one on "Mr. Buckle's Fallacies," published in 1861. This essay is included in the volume, *Darwinism and Other Essays*. "As this review of Mr. Buckle's *History of Civilization*," he says here, "was written and published when I was only nineteen years old, I must not now be held responsible for all the opinions expressed in it. From the favorable estimate of Positivism which runs through it, I now, of course, thoroughly dissent. I have reproduced the article without altering a single word, and have appended to it a 'postscript,' written fifteen years later, as an illustration of the change which Mr. Buckle's reputation has undergone." This maiden effort of Mr. Fiske in the field of criticism really requires the mantle of no apology or explanation. Inferior as it is to some later essays, it is singularly mature and strong both in its style and in its judgments, clearly exposing the great gaps and vulnerabilities in Buckle, while paying heartiest tribute to his real insight and good generalizations.

The *Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy* was based upon lectures given at Harvard University in 1871, and afterward repeated, wholly or in part, in Boston, New York, and London. At the outset these lectures were designed to include only an adverse criticism of the Positive philosophy, but they grew into a very complete exposition—perhaps the best summary exposition which has yet appeared—of the new philosophy based on the doctrine of Evolution. It is as a disciple and expounder of Spencer that Mr. Fiske has been chiefly thought of in most circles, perhaps, for many years. His prominence in this capacity has, to some extent, been a hinderance to his deserved reputation as a thinker of singular original power. It is not too much to say that in very many respects he shows an insight and a comprehension greater than Spencer's own, while his form of statement is often much the more felicitous. Yet, as his obligations to Spencer have been far more immediate and great than to any other thinker, he still loves to call him his teacher.

With Mr. Fiske, religious considerations have always been very prominent. The entire third part of his *Cosmic Philosophy* is devoted to showing the bearings of his philosophy upon the question of Theism; it is announced that he is now preparing a *Defense of Theism;* and the relation of science and religion is the real theme of many an essay. "The hostility between science and religion, about which so much is talked and written," he said in the preface to *Cosmic Philosophy*, "is purely a chimera of the imagination. To assert a radical hostility between our knowledge and our aspirations is to postulate such a fundamental viciousness in the constitution of things as the evolutionist, at least, is in no wise bound to acknowledge. The real conflict is not between knowledge and aspiration, but between the less imperfect knowledge of any given age and the more imperfect knowledge of the age which has gone before." He speaks in almost the same terms in his very sharp review of Draper's *History of the Conflict between Religion and Science.* "Since the scientific innovator," he says, "does not attack religion, there can be no such 'conflict' as that of which Dr. Draper has undertaken to write the history. The real contest is between one phase of science and another. The contest, indeed, as presented in history, is simply the measure of the difficulty which men find in exchanging old views for new ones. It would be ridiculous to say that the fate of religious feeling is really involved in the fate of grotesque cosmogonies and theosophies framed in the infancy of men's knowledge of nature, for history shows us quite the contrary. Religious feeling has survived the heliocentric theory and the discoveries of the geologists, and it will be none the worse for the establishment of Darwinism."

Mr. Fiske has written nothing more pervaded by the religious feeling than his little work on *The Destiny of Man*, originally given as a lecture at the Concord School of Philosophy, and now published in book form. So pervasive, indeed, is the religious feeling in this work, that many reviewers unfamiliar with Mr. Fiske's thought, and used to cheap notions of the doctrine of evolution as something irreligious, have spoken of it as representing a new stand-point with him. Nothing could be more mistaken. Indeed, there is scarcely a point of significance in the work for which he does not himself refer the reader, by way of illustration, to certain pages in his earlier and fuller works. The work is simply a little epitome of his general writings. A very excellent epitome it is of these; and it is certainly the very best statement of the doctrine of evolution in the compass of a hundred pages, and with reference to the ultimate philosophical problems involved, that we remember to have seen.

A large portion of this little book is devoted to the consideration of the origin and development of society and institutions, the process by which man is passing from the primeval condition of universal warfare to an industrial civilization, and a fraternal social state in which his character shall have become so transformed that nothing of the brute can be detected in it. "The ape and the tiger in human nature will become extinct. Theology has had much to say about original sin. This original sin is neither more nor less than the brute inheritance which every man carries with him, and the process of evolution is an advance toward true salvation."

Finally, Mr. Fiske applies the conception of evolution to the question of immortality. "It is not likely," he says, "that we shall ever succeed in making the immortality of the soul a matter of scientific demonstration;" but he adds, "For my own part, I believe in the immortality of the soul as a supreme act of faith in the reasonableness of God's work." "The Platonic view of the soul," he says, "as a spiritual substance, an effluence from Godhead, which under certain conditions becomes incarnated in perishable forms of matter, is doubtless the view most consonant with the present state of our knowledge." "The materialistic assumption," he says, "that there is no future life, because cerebral physiology says nothing about it, is perhaps the most colossal instance of baseless assumption known to the history of philosophy. The last place in the world to which I should go for information about a state of things in which thought and feeling can exist in the absence of a cerebrum would be cerebral physiology." "The question," he says, "is reduced to this: are man's highest spiritual qualities, into the production of which all this creative energy has gone, to disappear with the rest? Has all this work been done for nothing? I can see no good reason for believing any such thing. The more thoroughly we comprehend that process of evolution by which things have come to be what they are, the more we are likely to feel that to deny the everlasting persistence of the spiritual element in man is to rob the whole process of its meaning. . . . The faith in immortality is likely to be shared by all who look upon the genesis of the highest spiritual qualities in man as the goal of Nature's creative work. This view has survived the Copernican revolution in science, and it has survived the Darwinian revolution. Nay, it is Darwinism which has placed Humanity upon a higher pinnacle than ever."

Perhaps there is no way in which the broad scope and variety of Mr. Fiske's interests and literary activities can be better realized than by a glance at the subjects of his miscellaneous essays. We therefore embody here a list of the contents of the four volumes.

Myths and Myth-Makers.—The Origins of Folk-Lore; The Descent of Fire; Were-Wolves and Swan-Maidens; Light and Darkness; Myths of the Barbaric World; Juventus Mundi; The Primeval Ghost World.

The Unseen World, and Other Essays. — The Unseen World; The To-morrow of Death; The Jesus of History; The Christ of Dogma; A Word about Miracles; Draper on Science and Religion; Nathan the Wise; Historical Difficulties; The Famine of 1770 in Bengal; Spain and the Netherlands; Longfellow's Dante; Paine's St. Peter; A Philosophy of Art; Athenian and American Life.

Darwinism, and Other Essays. — Darwinism Verified; Mr. Mivart on Darwinism; Dr. Bateman on Darwinism; Dr. Büchner on Darwinism; A Crumb for the "Modern Symposium"; Chauncey Wright; What is Inspiration? Dr. Hammond and the Table-Tippers; Mr. Buckle's Fallacies; Postscript on Mr. Buckle; The Races of the Danube; A Librarian's Work.

Excursions of an Evolutionist.—Europe before the Arrival of Man; The Arrival of Man in Europe; Our Aryan Forefathers; What we Learn from Old Aryan Words; Was there a Primeval Mother-Tongue? Sociology and Hero-Worship; Heroes of Industry; The Causes of Persecution; The Origins of Protestantism; The True Lesson of Protestantism; Evolution and Religion; The Meaning of Infancy; A Universe of Mind-Stuff; In Memoriam; Charles Darwin.

To us these volumes of essays are the most attractive and valuable part of Mr. Fiske's published writings. Dealing with the most interesting of subjects always in a profound way, their matter is scarcely more attractive than their manner. Nothing could well exceed the clearness and beauty of Mr. Fiske's style. "Such a style," says a writer in the *Atlantic*, "as was perhaps never before brought to the illustration of the topics with which Mr. Fiske habitually deals. There is something better still," continues this critic, "in the admirable spirit of his writings. It is of all writing of its sort probably the most humane."

In glancing at these lists of subjects one is impressed by the large proportion of the essays devoted to literature, language, religion, and art—to the humanities—as compared with natural science. And this reflects aright the character of Mr. Fiske's mind, which is as essentially literary as scientific. His love for classical studies is especially warm, and the following passage from the close of his essay on *Athenian and American Life* is of value as showing the attitude of our most prominent evolutionist to the educational problem: "Bearing all these things in mind, we may understand the remark of the supremely cultivated Goethe when asked who were his masters: '*Die Griechen, die Griechen, und immer die Griechen.*' We may appreciate the significance of Mr. Mill's argument in favor of the study of antiquity, that it preserves the tradition of an era of individual completeness. There is a disposition growing among us to remodel our methods of education in conformity with the temporary requirements of the age in which we live. In this endeavor there is much that is wise and practical, but in so far as it tends to the neglect of antiquity I can not think it well timed. Our education should not only enhance the value of what we possess; it should also supply the consciousness of what we lack. And while for generations to come we pass toilfully through an era of exorbitant industrialism, some fragment of our time will not be misspent in keeping alive the tradition of a state of things which was once briefly enjoyed by a little community, but which in the distant future will, as it is hoped, become the permanent possession of all mankind."

What most particularly impresses one, perhaps, in glancing at these volumes of Mr. Fiske's essays, is the number of historical essays. Always deeply interested in the study of history, the study has continually become more prominent with him, and for the last seven years he has devoted himself almost exclusively to American history. For four years he has been engaged upon a *History of the American People*—a work somewhat resembling in plan Mr. Green's second and larger *History of the English People.* The valuable and delightful lectures which he is now delivering in many of our cities are doubtless destined to appear as chapters of this work, and give us a good foretaste of its quality. While we wait for this work it is a pleasure to get such occasional historical and political studies as the magazines bring us. The most valuable of these recent essays are those on "The Town-Meeting," "The Federal Union," and "Manifest Destiny," which are just now republished in book form, under the title of *American Political Ideas.* "The government of the United States," says Mr. Fiske in his preface—and the words well indicate the spirit and purpose of this last little book—"is not the result of special creation, but of evolution. As the town-meetings of New England are lineally descended from the village assemblies of the early Aryans, as our huge federal union was long ago foreshadowed in the little leagues of Greek cities and Swiss cantons, so the great problem which we are solving is the very same problem upon which all civilized peoples have been working ever since civilization began. How to insure peaceful concerted action throughout the Whole without infringing upon local and individual freedom in the Parts—this has ever been the chief aim of civilization, viewed on its political side, and we rate the failure or success of nations politically according to their failure or success in attaining this supreme end. When thus considered in the light of the comparative method, our American history acquires added dignity and interest, and a broad and rational basis is secured for the detailed treatment of political questions." It is surely one of the most pleasing and cheering signs of the times when we see our best minds devoting their years, as Mr. Fiske is now doing, to the philosophic treatment of our own history and institutions, and to the practical problems of our politics.

EDWIN D. MEAD.

MOVING A JAPANESE VILLAGE.

THE undertaking to transport a whole Japanese village, with its shops, houses, and inhabitants, half round the globe to London, was a somewhat bold one for a private individual. But it has been performed, says *Nature*, with great success in the case of the Japanese village now on view at Knightsbridge. The houses are new and clean, which the tenements of Japanese villages always are not; the small temple or shrine is rather more cleanly and ornamental than is usual with these structures in real life; the wrestlers do not exhibit the physical characteristics which are so disgusting in the real Japanese wrestler; and their methods of refreshing themselves between the bouts are more in accordance with European tastes. There is very little to note in the exhibition from a scientific point of view; the inhabitants are fair average specimens of Japanese artisans and shop-keepers, so that the ethnologist will have a good opportunity on comparing his notions gathered from writers of the Japanese people with the reality. He can, in a measure, study the racial characteristics of the Japanese *in situ.*

A CLEVER PLAN.

BY XENOS CLARK.

THE clever plan was the device of no other person than myself, now a gray-haired music teacher and a bachelor, known familiarly as "Uncle Bob" to a legion of, I think appreciative, nephews and nieces. But this true story carries me back many years to the far-away city of San Francisco, when I was beginning my career in music and in life; and I tell the event as much for the pleasure of reviving old memories of that time as from a belief that it is a really curious, perhaps noteworthy, illustration of how unexpectedly our plans sometimes turn out. "It is a part of probability that many improbable things will happen," says George Eliot, and that wise saying may in fact serve for the text of my slight narrative.

It was in 1850 that our family moved to California, in search, not of gold, but of health, that is more precious than gold. We carried our house with us. In those days, so universally did all the labor of the Pacific coast turn to mining, it was found quite profitable to have houses made in pieces at the East, and sent out by ship, ready to set up on Californian soil, where many of them yet stand, and are pointed out to the curious tourist. Some of these portable houses were made of corrugated zinc, and to that class ours belonged; it was a snug, odd little affair, shaped like a ship's cabin. We perched it high on the side of one of the steep San Francisco hills, with a long double flight of stairs—not steps—climbing to it from the cut-out street below. These stairs were built into the thirty-foot wall of masonry that fronted the lot on the street. What old San Franciscan does not recall with tenderness those little hill-side houses, with such a snug and individual look, away above the street? Did he ever inhabit one and fail to grow attached to it as to his own cozy nest—a house not as other houses?

To ours we speedily grew attached, and we

soon gave it the sketchy, eye-inviting look common to its kind, by means of two dragon-trees and a little terrace garden sloping to the top of the thirty-foot wall, over which hung a profuse flowery coping of nasturtium vine. What a picture it was with its dashes of bright color, and what a view, after one had climbed up into the picture, one got of the exquisite, far-reaching San Francisco Bay! I speak of it thus minutely because, although our home was soon after resigned for another, it was in connection with a visit to the place a few years later that my cleverness in planning met with its account.

When finally the fogs of the San Francisco climate drove us inland to Sacramento, it was hard to part company with the little house; and two years passed before I again visited the city, in company with my sister Priscilla. Needless is it to say toward what street our thoughts turned when on the first morning of this visit we stepped out from our hotel. We went toward the familiar neighborhood slowly, wandering in well-known places. As we drew near the old home I looked at Pris, and saw that in her heart, as in mine, was stirring the same emotion, half joy, half pang, that no one can ever forget who has once revisited familiar places, grown strange, after long absence. It is strange, at such moments, how freshly the book of life may seem to open at the back pages, and yet how irreclaimably past is felt to be the record they show. It was with this feeling in us that we turned the last corner, and saw standing there above us the dear sketchy little picture of a home—once ours, but ours no more.

After we had stood there awhile, Pris with her arm placed in mine, under the instinct of the moment, Pris said: "Now shall we go in? You know you said you would contrive some way to see the inside and the garden. I think the best way is just to say we once lived here, and would think it a great favor to be allowed looking about the place."

Now feeling myself at that time quite superior to Pris in matters of the world, I had to reply: "Oh no; that will not do. The people of the house may be disagreeable, or only a servant may be there, with special warnings against cloak thieves in the shape of polite strangers. Fancy an unknown person wishing to ramble over our house. No: we must invent a plan. It will be delightful to relate afterward."

To this Pris, properly acquiescent, said, "What is your plan, then?"

My plan was that we should inquire at the door for some fictitious person in the neighborhood, and then express our disappointment at not finding the family. Upon this it would be easy to ask for a glass of water and a moment's rest: the people once seen, we could divine how best to proceed. "Just watch what turn matters take, and follow the cue I give you, Pris," I said. Foolish youth! I did not then know what a mistake it is ever to place one's self in a false position.

We crossed the street and ascended the mossy stone stairs. On reaching the top of the first flight, Pris asked for what name I would inquire. I replied that any unusual name would serve, like that of the novel we had been reading, if she could recall it. *Felix Holt?* Yes, Felix Holt; that would do capitally. So on we went to the door, and ringing the bell, waited with perturbed minds what seemed a long interval, during which three or four children ran down the hill and gathered behind us on the porch, to our discomfiture. Then came a noise of slippers shuffling along the inner hall. A key sounded in the lock, the door opened, and there stood a middled-aged gentleman with a thin, irate-looking face and sandy-red hair, his dressing-gown, slippers, and fumbled hair proclaiming that our call had awakened him from a late morning nap. He held the edge of the door, and surveyed us with a look of unamiable inquiry.

I faltered a moment, and then said, "Will you be so kind as to tell us, sir, where a Mr. Felix Holt lives in this neighborhood?" Of all things under the heavens, what do you think he answered?"

"*I am Mr. Felix Holt, sir. Will you be pleased to come in?*"—stepping back and opening the parlor door. Then, angrily, "Get away, children." (The juveniles had formed in a phalanx behind us.)

Never before, I think, in all the history of the globe, did such a miracle of the unexpected confront two innocent young people. But there we stood, Pris's hand on my arm clutching me spasmodically, and my sensations quite resembling those one experiences in a warm bath when one has turned on the shower apparatus by mistake. Seeing that we did not enter, and noticing, probably, the abashment of our faces, the true Mr. Holt advanced from the parlor door, and said, rather sharply: "Well, what can I do for you? You will excuse my appearance; we do not often receive calls so early."

Pris's hand clutched me again; but I managed to stammer: "I hope you will excuse me, sir. I think—you—that is, they—have made a mistake. Have you a family of three boys to take music lessons?"

So much had I hunted music pupils this question supplied itself instinctively; but little did it better the situation. He replied, angrily, spitefully:

"No, sir; nor ever shall have. This is some trick, I suppose, the neighbors have duped you into playing. They please their fools' noddles with what they call jokes upon my bachelor life. Tell them that on any more of this sort of thing I will have them in the police court for public nuisances. Tell them that, and that they're a pack of meddling fools."

At these words the air seemed to grow hot. Pris and I turned quickly down the steps. We heard the door slam behind us, but our flight did not cease until we were across the street. There we turned to look up again. "Oh, there he is watching us!" cried Pris, yet frightened; "I see his hair at the side of that curtain." And so we hastened into the next street, having seen the last of the little house for that day.

All sisters who have a brother possessing a superior knowledge of the world, generally exercised to their disadvantage, can imagine what was in store for me that day when Pris had recovered her equanimity. Moreover, after our return to Sacramento, my clever plan, as Pris named it, was extensively related by her to the neighborhood. In the family she accused me of spoiling the memory—the pleasantest of our lives—of our little picture-like house on the hill by planting forever in the midst of the picture the dreadful figure of Mr. Felix Holt. She also declared that my plan was a very stupid one; I ought to have *known* the same person would be living there. But I always held this last to be most improbable, and though it is indeed true, I said, that it is a part of probability that many improbable things will happen, yet in directing our actions it is probability, and not improbability, that we must look to. Which weighty sentence Pris annihilated by saying, "Some more of your cleverness, Mr. Wisdom!"

THE PRATT GYMNASIUM AT AMHERST.

The first college in this country to awake to the need of any really effective step toward providing its students with sound bodies was Mr. Beecher's *alma mater*—Amherst. As far back as 1861 President Stearns impressively set forth the idea that, "without the support of well-developed bodily powers and functions, the mental faculties could not reach their full development." Soon the department of physical education and hygiene was established, and Amherst aimed by precept and practice to acquaint her students with the laws of health. Not a few other colleges had some sort of a gymnasium even in that day, but the idea that a teacher was also needed had scarcely then dawned. Amherst early saw what in many quarters does not seem to be even yet understood, that a Sullivan or a Fitzgerald would be of little use in such a place—indeed, likely to do as much harm as good—and that broad and careful thought, ability to see the pupil's lack, and skill to supply it, are as much needed in this as in any other important branch of education. So she wisely secured the services, not of a mere gymnast, but of a physician, who added to his professional knowledge an acquaintance with the methods of bodily development. The health of the students was to be at all times "an object of his special watch, care, and counsel," and every student in college was required to exercise under his guidance half an hour a day at least four days a week. The result, as might have been expected, has been very gratifying. Mr. Beecher, in referring to it, said to the writer, "I hope you will visit Amherst, see Professor Hitchcock, get from him the record of results; it will delight your soul."

Naturally, under so sensible a plan, the buildings and appliances, which did well enough at first, had, as the college enlarged, to give way to more roomy quarters. Young Mr. Hemenway, of Boston, had scarcely set the example by providing Harvard with her world-renowned Hemenway Gymnasium, when young Mr. Charles M. Pratt, of the well-known firm of Charles Pratt & Co.—an Amherst '79 man—determined to build his college the attractive and substantial structure the interior of which our readers will find sketched on page 125, with the Sophomore Class, led by their captain, exercising to music, and which is now in daily use.

In the basement are two large rooms, each 78 feet by 20, and 18 feet in the clear, the one for ball and winter tennis, the other for bowling-alleys, while the rest of this floor is taken up with the sparring-room, the rowing-room, the space for large dumb-bells, clubs, lavatory, closets, and bath-rooms, the latter having six full-length tubs and six sponge tubs. The heating apparatus, repair-room, and part of the machinery and apparatus are also located here.

The great hall on the main floor is 80 feet by 57, with a running track of twenty-five laps to the mile, in a gallery 11 feet above and 7 feet wide, stretching clear around the room. It is but just to Dr. Sargent, of Harvard, to add that this plan for the running track is of Sargent's own devising. Nearly the entire floor can be quickly cleared, if necessary, as most of the apparatus is portable. On the north side is an extension 36 feet by 10, in which, and on all sides of the great hall, are placed the fixed appliances, among which Sargent's developing apparatus is an important factor. The extreme height of the room is nearly 60 feet, it being open clear to the roof.

On the right, as you enter the main or west door, you come upon a large dressing-room with some three hundred lockers. From here the student may pass in undress directly into a shower-bath room lined with encaustic tiles, where four shower baths, a side bath, and douche, with water at any desired temperature, combine to make bathing a luxury. Stepping from here into the "dry-rub" room, with towels and extra heat, he may soon have his body thoroughly dry before returning to his dressing-room. By a private staircase he may also reach the closets and lower bath-rooms without meeting strangers or visitors who may be in the building. Opposite the dressing-room is the "statistics and examination room," where every student is examined and measured in a great variety of ways, and the record kept, so as to show his condition, growth, and development from time to time, while close by is the professor's office. On the third floor are a three-table billiard-room, a "Resort" for athletic club meetings and depository of trophies, a visitors' gallery, and the custodian's and store rooms. East and south windows and an immense skylight give ample light to the entire building, and help to make ventilation swift and easy, while at night many gas-jets keep the whole bright and pleasant.

The cost of this attractive and well-appointed building has been about $55,000, while $8000 more have fitted it with ample and excellent apparatus. Nothing better marks the progress in body-culture in this country than the fact that so fit a house and equipment could not have been had even twenty years ago had the money been all ready to pay for them, simply because it was not then known just what was wanted. Put the best appliances of that day beside the present outfit, and they would seem not only antiquated and even ludicrous, but many of them cumbrous and useless lumber, tending to deform the pupil rather than to give him symmetry. Sargent, Maclaren, Gifford, Burnham, Wood, and other experienced men have given much thought to this matter of appliances, and the result has been such a union of abundant strength, thoroughness of finish, and compactness, with nearly perfect fitness, as to cause almost every tool in the house to entice one to use it, and to aid him to effective work. Put at the head of such a well-ordered gymnasium—perhaps, on the whole, a finer one to-day than any in all Europe—a man who joins Dr. Hitchcock's character, training, and extensive experience with his happy faculty of winning the affectionate regard of his pupils, and the advantage a student has in such a college over one where they have no teacher, and only a gymnasium, or not even that, is great indeed. His body is carefully watched, educated, and built up, where otherwise it would be, like that of far too many students in our land to-day, half-built, neglected, and almost sure to break down under any real pressure long before its owner is an old man.

The statistics kept by Dr. Hitchcock, for over twenty years are full of interest. From the start he learned, what they have not even yet learned at Harvard, though they have at Cornell and West Point, that education in this branch ought to be, not elective, but required. With every student thus directly under the doctor's eye, it must soon appear whether he really does them any good or not. And appear it does. During the years from 1861 to 1881, of the 5443 students at Amherst, the percentage of sickness in each class to the whole college ran thus: Freshmen, 29.30; Sophomores, 28.28; Juniors, 23.27; Seniors, 19.05.

And besides this remarkable and gratifying progress throughout the course, a very large percentage of the sickness was owing merely to colds and light maladies, serious enough, perhaps, to detain a fellow from recitation when he did not know his lesson, but for which the air of the ball field or the gymnasium doubtless often proved a tonic. But what other body of men anywhere can show an average loss in a whole year by sickness of only 2.65 days?

Again, out of many hundred students, of heights varying from under 5 feet to 6 feet 3 inches, it was found that the men of about 5 feet 9 in height showed the largest girth of chest in proportion to their height. Oddly, too, it appeared that the largest girth of chest did not accompany the greatest lung capacity. And of 2106 students, 95 per cent. had the right hand stronger than the left.

But, on the other hand, the average weight of 5013 students at $21\frac{1}{10}$ years of age was only 138.84 pounds, their average height being a trifle under 5 feet 8 inches, their upper arms measuring but $11\frac{2}{10}$ inches in girth, and their chests $35\frac{4}{10}$. Now this is not heavy enough, and these girths are not large enough, for a well-built man of that height and age. Even trained till he had not a superfluous ounce on him, he ought to weigh at least ten pounds more to be fit for many of the more severe athletic ordeals of the day. Indeed, he will find that any men of his height in either the Harvard or Yale university boat are likely to outweigh him by all of twenty or even twenty-five pounds, and to outmeasure him about the chest by all of four inches. Not that he needs the unusual power of these picked men, but his lack of more of their depth of make and stamina will tell against him in the life race if he means to show a good, and especially a great, daily score of downright work. Youths who are really students are not as a rule fleshy. From six to ten hours of close, patient thought daily take a good deal out of one, and often leave a pretty strong man well-nigh exhausted. Dr. Willard Parker says that a man ought not to spend more than eight hours a day at mental labor, and that he would do better work if he only spent six. The one-pound dumb-bells and the light class of work favored at Amherst will, under judicious direction, do a student a deal of good, as the figures show. But would not more work—and more vigorous, though not yet violent, work—bring him a better body for his purposes than he now gets? The system now in use does much for his present health. But does it go as far as it ought toward insuring ample future health and strength when the wear and responsibility come, and he has his faithful professor no longer at his elbow, but must be his own guide and mentor? And would not more of Beecher's depth and breadth of chest and stalwartness of make, or of the still more massive mould of a Webster, a Bismarck, or of Peter the Great, have increased his force and added to his capacity for much and hard work? Developing any part of the body or any limb, either to moderate or to very great strength, is a process already familiar to most gymnasts and to many athletes. The student does not want the ponderous muscles of the Græco-Roman wrestler, who can struggle without a moment's rest for eight or ten terrible hours against a mighty foe. Neither does he want the delicate muscles of a jeweller. But he does want that outfit and that daily training most likely to keep him provided with ample vigor, and a feeling of easy equality to his work throughout a full lifetime.

For the lack of such an outfit and such training, and for no other cause, one man to-day at seventy, of commanding ability and great acquaintance with affairs, has been forced to keep out of a contest which millions of his fellows claim would have placed him at the head of the government. The better outfit and better training of a Gladstone enable him at seventy-four not only to manage enormous and most important work, but also to find time occasionally to hew down in one day an oak nearly four feet thick. The better outfit and better training of a Bancroft make him, not at seventy, but at eighty-three, not only a tireless worker, but a horseman who thinks a three-hour ride daily a mere pastime. If the body of each student, not only at Amherst, but at every seat of learning in this land, could be put and kept in such shape, would not the gain in efficiency among the men who are to hold the places of trust and wide influence be incalculable? The demand that the colleges, besides otherwise giving the student his fittest training mentally, should put and keep his body in the best shape for effective and sustained mental labor, is already heard in many parts of our land. The race among the colleges to meet that demand has already begun—a race in which prodigious strides will be taken in the next ten years. And that college will win which first finds the maximum of bodily strength and endurance consistent with the highest mental labor, and then insures that maximum to every student as he graduates. Messrs. Pratt and Hemenway have made contributions in that direction which will confer lasting benefit on many thousands of young men likely for the next hundred years, and the door is wide open in nearly every college in the land for some far-seeing, large-hearted, and full-handed graduate to go and do likewise.

WILLIAM BLAIKIE.

MAJOR-GENERAL EARLE.

GENERAL EARLE, who was killed gallantly leading the celebrated Black Watch Regiment in a brilliant charge at Berti, entered the British army as an Ensign in the 17th Regiment of Foot—which was then quartered in Ireland—on October 17, 1851, accompanied the regiment to the Crimea, was present at the battles of Alma and Inkerman, and took part with his regiment in the final successful assault on the Redan, in which it led, and lost many of its officers. After the war the regiment was ordered to Canada, and the then Captain EARLE was quartered for a time at Toronto, where he was very popular in society. It was there, and not in the Crimea, that he lost his eye from the blow of a cricket-ball, while fielding in that game. While in Canada he was appointed to a position on General WILLIAMS's staff, when that officer was administrator for the government in Lower Canada, and accompanied him in many expeditions over the plains, where many of his remarkable rides are still traditionally remembered.

In 1863, on obtaining his Lieutenant-Colonelcy, he returned to England, and in 1870 he was made Colonel, and joined the staff of Sir EVELYN WOOD at Chatham. He was made a Major-General in October, 1880, and his name stands on the list immediately after that of the Duke of Connaught. On the opening of WOLSELEY's campaign against ARABI, General EARLE went to Egypt, and was placed in command of the base and lines of communication. He took part in this capacity in the battle of Tel-el-Keber, and was twice mentioned in official dispatches for his bravery, and received the thanks of both Houses. In the present campaign General WOLSELEY, who is skilled in the selection of lieutenants, chose General EARLE as one of his aides, and assigned to him the perilous task of travelling from Korti to Berber by the Nile route with 2500 men, which may be classed as a companion with that of STEWART. On the way he chastised the murderers of the other "GORDON'S STEWART," and accomplished the object for which he gave his life. General EARLE was about fifty-six, a nephew of the English judge of high distinction of that name, stood near six feet, of slight figure, and a gay and gallant mien. He has been frequently a visitor to New York, a guest of the Everett, and was much liked at the clubs here. He may be remembered also by frequenters of the Pequot, in whose neighborhood, during the summer of 1862, he passed some time.

LORD ROSEBERY.

IT has for some years been evident that Lord ROSEBERY was destined to play an important part in British politics. He is only thirty-eight, and the distrust of young men in high places has been one of the traditions of British politics which the career of the two PITTS has not sufficed to overcome. Nevertheless, Lord ROSEBERY's promotion to the cabinet, which has just now come in the shape of an appointment as Lord Privy Seal, in place of Lord CARLINGFORD, will be accepted as rather a deferred than a premature advancement. Lord ROSEBERY's cleverness has made him admired, and his geniality of disposition has made him well liked, on both sides of the Atlantic, for he has made two extended visits, if not more, to this country. In addition to his intrinsic qualities, he acquired, by his marriage to Miss HANNAH ROTHSCHILD, the advantage of wealth, which nowhere counts for more than in the politics of Great Britain. Lord ROSEBERY's own political creed is not very well defined, beyond a hearty and unswerving devotion to Mr. GLADSTONE; and there was some point in the sarcastic compliment Lord BEACONSFIELD paid one of his early speeches in the House of Lords by saying that it was a very clever speech, of which he himself had unfortunately forgotten the subject. In the memorable Mid-Lothian canvass Lord ROSEBERY was the most conspicuous and effective adherent of the Prime Minister; and of late he has exhibited a warm and intelligent interest in the subject of imperial federation.

THE EARL OF ROSEBERY.—[See Page 123.]

GENERAL EARLE, KILLED IN THE SOUDAN.—[See Page 123.]

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN—AN AFFAIR OF OUTPOSTS.

THE PRATT GYMNASIUM AT AMHERST COLLEGE.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder.—[See Page 123.]

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A correspondent writes that foreigners in Italy are hated. He must be blind. Any American who has put up at an Italian hotel, and who was apparently from this country and in good circumstances, must recall the landlord's eager welcome and unscrupulous esteem. And does not everybody know what price the Italian brigands set upon every foreigner they catch?

New York boys and girls have reason to be annoyed by the ponds in Central Park. It takes half a winter to freeze them, and no sooner is the work done than the icy covering vanishes in the thaw of a single night. The winters seem to be growing warmer. Years ago it was possible to go skating in the Park several times between October and April.

The wind blows harder on the top of Mount Washington, according to the Signal Service men, than in any known spot in the world. A velocity of 180 miles an hour has been recorded there. On Pike's Peak 100 miles an hour is the highest velocity recorded, and in this city a heavy gale is the name applied to a wind blowing forty-five miles an hour.

A writer of fiction in Boston says that in Mount Desert "a couple start off for a long walk. When they come to a very large bowlder they separate, and in passing imprint a kiss on the bowlder. They then continue on until they come to a smaller bowlder, over which they lean, and the bolder kisses the other one."

Eighty-nine divorces were granted in Scotland last year. Twenty-one divorces were granted in Philadelphia on a recent Saturday. In announcing the latter fact a Philadelphia newspaper says: "It wasn't an extraordinarily good day either. The market for this staple commodity is very active, the demand is good, and raw material is abundant. Prices are unchanged, and the prospect for spring trade was never better."

A bank in Orange County suspended payment recently. It suspended payment simply because the clock of the time lock on the safe door, which was set to draw the bolts at nine o'clock, ran down at six. It was five days before the bank was able to resume payment. There are several skilled gentlemen in this town who could have got into the safe much more quickly, though it is doubtful whether the opening of the safe by them would have enabled the bank to resume.

It is proposed in Spain to start a fleet of ships, representing all maritime nations, from the little port of Palos, in Spain, on August 3, 1892, the four-hundredth anniversary of the sailing of Columbus, and to have the fleet sail to San Salvador over the route taken by the great discoverer. It will not be incumbent upon the fleet to take as long a time as Columbus took in getting there.

The *Tanners' Gazette*, of Vienna, declares that during the recent cholera epidemic in Italy tanners were not attacked by the disease, and that the epidemic was less severe in towns which contained tanneries than in towns which contained none. It will be remembered that the grave-digger in *Hamlet* remarked upon the imperviousness of the tanner under other circumstances.

A bill before the Minnesota Legislature provides for the issue of five-dollar licenses to such persons as may be able to prove to village trustees, town superintendents, or city aldermen that they are only moderate drinkers, and that their families will not be made to suffer through their indulgence. It is awful to think of the consequences of the burden of such an examination placed, say, upon the aldermen of this town. They would be busier than the juggler who keeps fifteen balls agoing, and doubtless would go mad before they could make a perceptible beginning. Of course the license would be carried around, like a passport in a Russian town, and would serve as a voucher of respectability; and the drunkards and teetotalers not provided with licenses would be scorned and watched with suspicion on every hand.

Dead whales are not washed up exclusively on the shore of Long Island. One was found stranded recently on the banks of the Severn. It was seventy feet long, and weighed more than forty tons. It was the biggest whale stranded on British shores within the memory of men now living.

A Japanese village is on exhibition in London. It is populated by one hundred Japs, who exercise their vocations as they do at home. You can see Japanese housekeeping, buy in Japanese shops, have Japanese tea, and get your hair cut by a Japanese maiden who never says a word during the operation. There is a temple with priests, and a theatre, and Japanese children are running about all the time.

By a stroke of scholarship the New York *World* used to spell the word "hauling" without the "u"—thus, "haling." By another stroke of some sort a Western newspaper puts the word up with a "w." It says, "The police propose to arrest all persons hawling ice who have not obtained a proper license as provided for by the city ordinance."

The United States Post-office makes money for the government, but it is not profitable in every State. It is reported that the deficit in Virginia is $407,000, and in Georgia $320,000.

A humane blacksmith in Nevada has built a cart with the axles bent so that the horse is directly under it, sheltered from sun and wind. The driver sits in front, and other passengers sidewise on seats running lengthwise over the horse's back. There is, of course, a steering apparatus, and also an arrangement with a wide band under the horse, so that in going down-hill that animal can be lifted bodily off his feet and given rest, while the whole outfit "coasts." And the lifting-machine comes into use if the horse tries to run away, as a turn of the crank leaves him working his legs in the air to no purpose whatever.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE,
AS AN APPETIZER.

Dr. Morris Gibbs, Howard City, Mich., says: "I am greatly pleased with it as a tonic; it is an agreeable and a good appetizer."—[*Adv.*]

HOW PALE YOU ARE!

Is frequently the exclamation of one lady to another. The fact is not a pleasant one to have mentioned, but still the act may be a kindly one, for it sets the one addressed to thinking, apprises her of the fact that she is not in good health, and leads her to seek a reason therefor. Pallor is almost always attendant upon the first stages of consumption. The system is enfeebled, and the blood is impoverished. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" will act as a tonic upon the system, will enrich the impoverished blood, and restore roses to the cheek.—[*Adv.*]

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It is not often that such writers as Dr. Holmes, Hawthorne, Hale, John Hay, Edgar Fawcett grow so enthusiastic over a book as they seem to have grown over this latest sensation.—[*Adv.*]

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ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

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Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

may be relied upon for relief in all diseases of the throat and lungs; and, for the speedy cure of severe Colds or Coughs, it has no equal. E. J. Downes, Bonneau's, Berkeley Co., S. C., writes: "Some time ago I contracted, by exposure, a severe Cold and Cough. After two or three months, I began to think there would be no change for the better. My attention being directed to Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, I procured a bottle, and began taking it. It

Cured My Cough

before the first bottle was used, and I rapidly recovered my health." A. J. Davis, Atchison, Kans., writes: "This spring I took a severe Cold, which settled on my lungs. In three days it became most difficult and painful for me to breathe. As soon as possible I got a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and was promptly relieved and cured by its use."

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

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Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

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THIRTY-NINTH ANNUAL STATEMENT

OF THE

Connecticut Mutual LIFE Insurance Company

OF HARTFORD, CONN.

Net Assets, January 1, 1884,		$51,215,581.32
Received in 1884,		
For Premiums.........	$4,707,437.42	
For Interest and Rents,	2,777,229.57	
Profit and Loss,	17,347.91	7,502,014.90
		$58,717,596.22

DISBURSED IN 1884.

To Policy-holders:		
For claims by death and matured endowments,	$3,542,223.18	
Surplus returned to policy-holders,	1,153,608.28	
Lapsed and Surrendered Policies,	816,475.17	
Total to Policy-holders,	$5,512,306.63	
Expenses:		
Commissions to Agents, Salaries, Medical Examiners' fees, Printing, Advertising, Legal, Real Estate, and all other Expenses.........	653,269.05	
Taxes....................	334,270.05	
		$6,499,845.73
Balance Net Assets, Dec. 31, 1884,		$52,217,750.49

SCHEDULE OF ASSETS.

Loans upon Real Estate, first lien......		$27,096,682.82
Loans upon Stocks and Bonds.........		283,000.00
Premium Notes on Policies in force....		2,624,723.57
Cost of Real Estate owned by the Comp'y,		11,755,783.58
Cost of United States Registered Bonds,		99,125.00
Cost of State and City Bonds..........		2,239,684.58
Cost of other Bonds..................		7,216,558.70
Cost of Bank Stock..................		122,761.00
Cost of Railroad Stock................		26,000.00
Cash in Bank..................		750,110.64
Balance due from Agents..............		3,320.60
		$52,217,750.49
Add		
Interest due and accrued,	$1,021,652.71	
Rents accrued............	18,777.03	
Market value of stocks and bonds over cost.........	119,945.95	
Net premiums in course of collection,	None.	
Net deferred quarterly and semi-annual premiums,	51,906.73	
		$1,212,282.42
Gross Assets, December 31, 1884,		$53,430,032.91
Liabilities:		
Amount required to re-insure all outstanding policies, net, assuming 4 per cent. interest............	$48,418,419.00	
Additional reserve by Company's Standard, 3 per cent. on policies issued since April 1, 1882......	73,834.00	
All other liabilities.......	815,955.34	
		$49,308,208.34
Surplus by Company's Standard........		$4,121,824.57
Surplus by Conn. Standard, 4 per cent..		4,195,658.57
Surplus by N.Y. Standard, 4½ per ct., over		7,300,000.00

Ratio of expenses of management to receipts in 1884..............	8.7 per cent.
Policies in force Dec. 31, 1884, 62,934, insuring..............	$152,230,685.00

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WILLIAM G. ABBOT, Secretary.
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His work is a valuable addition to the library of travel in Central Asia, presenting a variety of novel information, apart from the gay and soldier-like style of its composition. Captain Burnaby is a rare master of descriptive writing. With no affectation of humor, he is alive to the comic aspect of things; his mind is always on the alert, and his hand never wearies; his language is that of life, not of books.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

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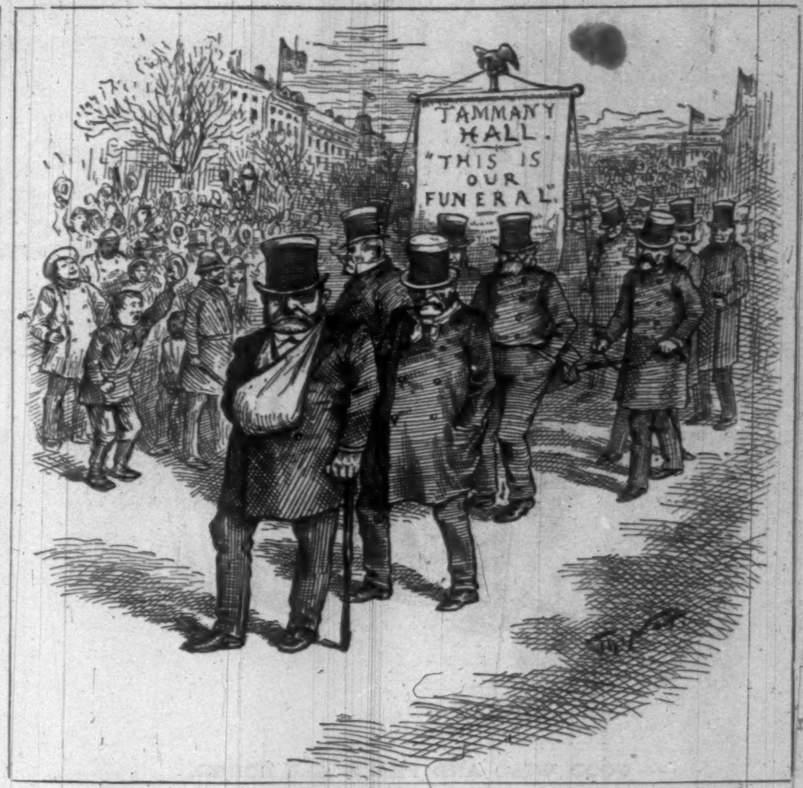

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